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CAPITOL JOKES

OF THE

LEGISLATIVE SESSION OF 1901

BY

F. SEVERANCE JOHNSON

REPRINTED FROM THE

New-York Tribune

ALBANY

1901

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A.



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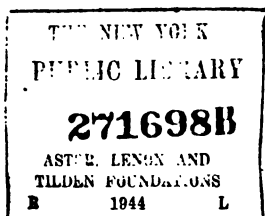
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CAPITOL JOKES.

DESCENDED FROM A PIRATE QUEEN.

THERE is a member of the Assembly this year who boasts that he is a descendant of a pirate queen.

The Assemblyman is Edward R. O'Malley, of Erie county, and those who have heard him tell of his royal ancestress call him "Prince O'Malley," or, what is more frequently heard, "the Prince."

The story was never told better than by ex-Senator Ford the other evening in the parlor of the Tub. Mr. Ford is a relative of the Erie Assemblyman, and he was sitting in that hostelry famous in Albany for the politicians and newspaper men who lodge there, and which is called the Tub, more because there are Turkish baths to be had there than because its proprietor is in any way a Diogenes. The ex-Senator, as he spoke, addressed his remarks to ex-Assemblyman Oliver, better known as "Jimmy Oliver, of Paradise Park."

"Well," began Mr. Ford, "it is with pride that I can say that 'Ed' here is the descendant of a queen. Her name was Grace O'Malley, and she ruled over a small island not far from the shores of the Emerald Isle. Her immediate subjects were pirates, and so loyal were they to her sceptre and such good fighters too that she

swept up and down the English Channel, conquering and capturing every kind of craft that she encountered.

"It was in the time of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh. Queen Elizabeth heard from one source and another of this wonderful pirate queen, and sent a fleet out to capture her and bring her to London in chains. But Grace was too resourceful. When she heard that the fleet was coming she held her brigands in hiding until the hostile ships had arrived and had moored near the island. Then at night she sent a merchantman that she had captured into the fleet with the crew instructed to act like the sailors of a peaceful trade ship. Well, the captain of the crew conferred with the admiral of the fleet, told him that the merchantman had almost been captured by the pirate queen, and offered to pilot the fleet where it could capture Queen Grace. The consequences were that the captain ran the whole fleet on the rocks, admiral and all.

"For years after that Grace O'Malley was undisputed mistress of her island and the seas around. When Ireland quieted down, as it did occasionally, she would land some of her bands on its shores for a plundering tour, taking back to her own little island sheep and oxen enough for a hundred barbecues. Well, the story got rather stale in the London evening papers, and finally Queen Elizabeth, finding that she was not the equal of her rival in war, sought to gain her favor by peaceful means. Accordingly she went to Ireland, and set up her court on the shore opposite the island of Queen Grace. Then she sent envoys to the pirate mon-

arch, offering her a part of the firm, green surface of Ireland if she would only settle down and behave herself."

"A most remarkable compromise for Queen Elizabeth," remarked the ex-Assemblyman.

"It was the only thing she could do," was the answer. "And the strangest part of it is that Grace came ashore and took luncheon with the English sovereign. After luncheon it was agreed that Grace should lay down her arms and burn her ships and make her home in Ireland, with a great strip of land for her estate. It appears, too, that the two queens took a great fancy to each other."

"I can understand that," remarked the ex-Assemblyman again. "I guess they found much in each other that was congenial."

"And, what is more," said the ex-Senator, "her descendant here has lost none of her fighting blood. The only way you can beat O'Malley is to make peace with him."

TAMMANY'S REAL LEADER IN THE ASSEMBLY.

FEW of the up-State members of the Assembly, it is safe to say, know who is the real leader of Tammany Hall in the lower house. They may have come to the conclusion that he is James J. Fitzgerald, of the Seventeenth District, since he sits in the proper seat and does most of the debating on New York city legislation. Mr. Fitzgerald would also appear to be the organic mouthpiece of Tammany because of his frequent praise of the Mayor and other municipal officers of New York city, and his especial denunciation of the "mandatory legislation of New York Republican members." Nevertheless, those who think so are mistaken. The real leader of the Wigwam forces in the Assembly has never appeared in Albany, but remains most of the time within doors, at No. 39 West Sixtieth street, New York city. This absent leader was only born on November 12 last, and is just cutting his first teeth. Nevertheless, in order that the young chieftain's command may be properly executed in the Assembly, Mr. Fitzgerald visits him each week and receives several letters between Monday and Friday, which doubtless contain sealed orders, and which are sent him from No. 39 West Sixtieth street. Still further to show his devotion to the real legislative head of Tammany, Mr. Fitzgerald carries a photograph of his "boss" in his pocket, tilts it at an angle on his desk. One Thursday one of his constituents said:

"Well, Jimmie, who'd a thought it fifteen years ago. So you be the leader of yer party up here, eh?"

"Oh, no; not I," was the quick answer.

"What's that? Not youse?" exclaimed the constituent. "Haven't I seen it in the newspapers, and the boys, haven't they all said you be the leader this session?"

"No," interrupted Assemblyman Reilly, of the Thirteenth District, who knew the truth of the situation. "Oh, no! You've got hold of the wrong Jim. This fellow is not the leader."

The constituent was now wholly dumbfounded. He looked at one Assemblyman, then at the other, and then at a cabinet-size photograph on Mr. Fitzgerald's desk. He was going away, still speechless, when the member from the Seventeenth called out:

"Look here, Tom; if you want to see the real leader of Tammany Hall in the Assembly, I'll introduce you to him. Here he is"—holding up the photograph—"James Lindholm Fitzgerald, my son, this is Thomas O'Brien, an old constituent of the Seventeenth."

Here Mr. Reilly interrupted for the sake of further explanation by saying: "The old Jimmy bosses us, and the young Jimmy bosses him, so you see the boy is the real boss."

"Yes, I know how it is," said the constituent, with a slight trace of pathos in his voice, "I've got thirteen myself."

THE ASSEMBLY DROMIOS.

A SSEMBLYMEN SEYMOUR AND WEEKES, of New York, look so much alike and are so often mistaken for each other that they have come to be known as the "Assembly Dromios." Both are almost daily treated to experiences of mistaken identity. Each is approached and sometimes reproached by the other's constituents. Mr. Seymour, for instance, has an "osteopathy bill," which he is still fondly nursing in the Health Committee. The bill is opposed by many of the physicians of his district, and, accordingly, Mr. Weekes is frequently "held up" by doctors, who beg of him to kill his osteopathy bill and who will not even let him go after they are told they have the wrong man.

Mr. Weekes was busy one day at his desk reading letters when one of the employes of the Capitol approached him and handed him a purse. As the employe was not wearing his uniform, Mr. Weekes first thought the man a lobbyist and indignantly spurned the purse.

"But this belongs to you," explained the orderly in a quiet tone of voice. Mr. Weekes opened the purse looked at its contents, looked at the orderly, and then shut the purse.

"How do you know it belongs to me?" he asked in the attempt to remember if he had really lost such a purse.

"Well," said the orderly, losing a little of his p

tience, "if you don't believe me, maybe you'll believe your own name, what's on it."

Mr. Weekes turned the bulging wallet over, and read this inscription printed in black ink: "Julius H. Seymour."

WHERE DID SULLIVAN GET THAT DIAMOND?

EVER since George Washington's birthday, Assemblyman Harburger has been wearing a tremendous diamond ring. The brilliancy of the gem is so great that its contrast with the comparatively quiet and plain attire of the little Assemblyman from the Tenth District has excited widespread discussion among the other Tammany members. The stone's bright colors have also attracted the attention of many of the Republican contingent, which is seated on the other side of the chamber. Especially on Monday nights, when Mr. Harburger gesticulates freely on such subjects as gas and excise, these members have noticed strange flashes of red, green and yellow fire from his sweeping hand. The hidden charm of this strange ornament remained a mystery until one Tuesday, when Mr. Harburger rose to debate Senator Krum's bill taxing the surplus of savings banks. Mr. Harburger opposed the measure on the ground that it oppressed the poor man. Having worked himself up into a fine frenzy on the subject, Mr. Harburger continued:

"If there is any one in this Assembly whose heart bleeds for the poor workingman it is I. And the rea-

son is that I have not forgotten the time when I was a poor, downtrodden son of Cain myself, having to earn the few cents I made each day with the sweat of my brow. Ah! I have not forgotten those times, and I feel to-day as keenly for these people as when I was one of them myself."

At this point the little member from the Tenth District was interrupted by Mr. Weekes, of the Twenty-fifth, who said:

"You say, Mr. Harburger, that your heart bleeds for the poor? Is it hardly consistent, then, for you to wear that diamond ring and flash it as you do in our eyes continually? What do your constituents say to your wearing such a tremendous diamond?"

"Oh! Mr. Speaker," exclaimed the Tammany Assemblyman, quickly recovering himself, "this ring is a gift. It was presented to me by Senator Sullivan on my fiftieth birthday. That was February 22, which some of the people in Second avenue honor as Harburger's and Washington's birthday. Said Sullivan to me when he gave me the ring: 'Wear this, Julius, in token of love, esteem, honor and affection.'"

"But where did Sullivan get it?" asked an Adirondack Republican, who had been watching the flashes of the gem. A prolonged roar of laughter drowned out the answer if there was one.

PLUNKITT'S GARDEN OF PINKS.

VISITORS to the Senate Chamber are frequently heard to ask why each of the thirteen Senators in the rear row wears a carnation in his button-hole, whereas almost all the rest are undecorated. These thirteen Senators are Messrs. Slater, Dowling, Plunkitt, Trainor, Elsberg, Grady, Martin, Green, Wilcox, Stewart, Sherwood, Raines and Armstrong. The row has come to be known as "Plunkitt's garden." The story, with some variations, perhaps, was told the other day by a Capitol guide to a party from Watts Flats, Chautauqua county. Having arrived at the Senate Chamber, the guide pointed to the thirteen "nose-gayed" men in the rear seats, with these words:

"'Plunkitt's garden,' ladies and gentlemen."

"What's a 'Plunkitt'?" asked one of the Watts Flats belles, with much curiosity.

"Senator Plunkitt, Senator Plunkitt, ma'am. 'Plunkitt's garden' is just a metaphor, a figure of speech. You see, these Senators all wear pinks, and 'Plunkitt's garden' is the metaphorical name applied to them," rattled off the guide glibly.

"Is Senator Plunkitt a farmer?" asked the young man of the group.

"Oh, no; he is from New York. The name 'Plunkitt's garden' is said to have originated from the fact that Senator Plunkitt was the first Senator to wear a pink each day of the session. He began the custom in 1884, and it has been restricted to the rear row ever since out of regard to him."

"But wasn't this Plunkitt a farmer in 1884?" again asked the young Chautauqua countryman.

The guide, not to be taken aback, replied instantly:

"Oh, yes; he was in 1884. He had a large farm somewhere on the west side of Manhattan Island."

"Oh, how sweet of him!" interrupted the young woman, "and to think, too, that he raised nothing but pinks."

"There must be more money in pinks than in hops," at last ejaculated the youth, on catching sight of the Senator's huge diamond pin. "Say, ma, why didn't dad go into the pink business?"

McCARREN INDULGES IN SARCASM.

SENATOR McCARREN was having a heart to heart talk one day with Senator Sullivan in regard to the possibility of a Republican Mayor for New York city next fall, when Senator Ellsworth rose and with a dark look at the two Senators said:

"Mr. President, I rise to a point of order. There is too much confusion in this chamber — confusion resulting from Senators talking to one another and from gentlemen of the press going about in search of news. If there is not better order, I shall insist on the observance of the forty-ninth rule."

Rule 49 says that strangers and spectators in the Senate Chamber must keep order.

Mr. Woodruff then said: "I have seen no infractions

of Rule 49, but that Senators and gentlemen of the press are engaged in conversation."

Senator McCarren thereupon addressed the Chair by saying:

"In all my legislative experience this is the first time on record that the public has got the best of the dispute."

AS TO THE TAKING OF SUCKERS.

ASSEMBLYMAN LANDON, of Dutchess county, secured the passage of a bill in the Assembly which bears the following title:

"An act to amend the forest, fish and game laws relative to taking suckers with nets through the ice in certain waters of Dutchess county."

When the clerk had read the title preliminary to calling the roll, Assemblyman Fitzgerald, the leader of the Tammany Hall contingent, rose as if to move to strike out. He was arrested, however, by a fellow Democrat, who shouted over his leader's shoulder:

"Don't object to this bill, Jim. It's a good bill. See here, Jim, it only adds this two line section to the present law," and here the member read as follows:

"Suckers may be taken with nets through the ice in Crum Elbow Creek, in the town of Hyde Park, Dutchess county."

"I was not intending to fight the bill," remarked the Tammany lieutenant, quietly. "I only thought of amending it by striking out the words 'through the ice' and making it also apply to New York city."

Another Manhattan member, who represents one of the East Side districts, calmly asked without moving a muscle of his round face:

"Aber, Fritz, vood dat beel affect mine constitutionency?"

"Not to any great extent," was the answer. "I understand they are born every minute — down in your district."

NOT THAT KIND OF CIGARS.

ASSEMBLYMAN GEORGE P. RICHTER, of New York, better known perhaps as "Gas House George," not because he is a disciple of Mr. Harburger, but because he represents a river front section — the Eighteenth District — where there are several large gas tanks, was sitting in his seat one morning looking disconsolately at the dying embers of an enormous cigar. Mr. Allds, the leader of the majority, had just moved a call of the house, and the sergeant-at-arms was rapidly hustling "absentees" into the big chamber.

"What's the matter, George?" exclaimed Assemblyman Van Name, of Richmond county.

"Oh, that man Allds — that's all."

"Why, what has Allds done?" again asked the Staten Islander.

"Called the house."

"Well, that's all right. He intends to pass the New York Charter Revision bill, and wants all the absentees in here to be sure of passing it."

"That's not it! That's not it!" burst out the member from the gashouse district under a sudden stress of emotion. "Every time I go out to take a quiet little smoke in the lobby, Allds calls the house. I had just now gone out to smoke this cigar, just got it lighted when Sergeant-at-Arms Johnson grabs me and says, 'Call of the house,' and pulls me back into the chamber."

"Well," remarked the member from Richmond, philosophically, "you can smoke 'em some other time, can't you?"

"No, no, that's the worst of it all," replied the New Yorker, in a still sadder tone of voice. "Mine are not like yours. Mine are no good after they go out already."

DOES BRACKETT THINK HE'S HANDSOME?

SENATOR GRADY, it appears, has found time outside of his legislative duties for the practice of an optician. Accordingly, learning one day that Senator Brackett was beginning to be troubled with his eyes, he went over to the member from Saratoga Springs and looked him over carefully from head to foot.

"What's the matter, Brackett?" he finally asked. "You look as if you were not going to be re-elected."

"It's my eyes, Grady," was the answer. "They are beginning to go back on me. As I was telling Krum here, our eyes are bound to give out some time."

"No, no, Brackett, don't get downhearted. I'll fix you all right."

"You!" was the surprised rejoinder. "What do you know about eyes?"

"Enough to fix you up and make you as good as you were twenty years ago. I've got some glasses I want you to wear."

"Oh, I will have to be fitted if I am going to wear glasses," said the Senator from Saratoga.

"No, no, no! Just wear a pair of my glasses. You don't have to be fitted. With such a pair you can see the type cut out as clearly as with a razor. I'll bring you a pair next Monday night."

Noticing some degree of hesitation in the Saratoga member, the New Yorker immediately added:

"My glasses won't hurt your looks any, Brackett. You can even wear them on ladies' nights."

Then turning away to his own seat in "Plunkitt's Garden," Grady whispered to his near neighbor, "Barney" Martin:

"I always thought Brackett believed he was handsome, but I'm sure of it now."

KRUM FRIGHTENED THE CLOCK.

HOBART KRUM, chairman of the Senate Committee on Taxation and Retrenchment, framer and introducer of tax bills, Senator from Schoharie, and the oldest member of the upper house, occupied the seat of the Lieutenant-Governor one Wednesday while an acrid war on Assemblyman Dusenberry's Vinegar bill was being waged between the "farmer members." Senator Krum is a man of method, and he prides himself on his precision and exactness. He has often boasted that he has found periods in bills which others mistook for commas, and brackets which all the rest of the Senate, the Assembly and the State printer thought were marks of parenthesis. As president of the Senate he sought to work out his gospel of precision by limiting the speeches of the vinegar debaters to five minutes, as called for by the rules. The Senator had left his watch on the parlor mantelpiece of "The House of Lords," and was therefore compelled to glance frequently at the great black hands of the Senate clock.

The debate grew so acrimonious over the difference between hard cider vinegar and diluted acetic acid that even Senator Dowling, of New York, looked sour. Finally Senator Brown took the floor. He had spoken hardly a minute before the acting president glanced at the clock. Twenty sentences more and the Schoharie Senator cast another look at the tall timepiece. Senator Brown turned from the subject of vinegar to sour cider, and Senator Krum nearly turned his back on the

Senate in measuring with his eye the clock from top to bottom, as if to reassure himself it was going.

Senator Brown stopped in his speech and also looked at the clock. Then one by one all the Senators looked at the clock. The acting president saw the humor of the situation and explained his action by saying:

"I want the five minute rule enforced. The speeches must be short. The gentlemen must limit themselves to five minutes and no more."

"Then the Chair should not look at the clock so much," interrupted the vinegar debater. "The clock has lost two minutes even while I was speaking."

"I wouldn't wonder if the clock stopped altogether," said Senator Martin, in a stage whisper, "the poor machine doubtless thinks that Krum is going to tax it."

LYNN'S CARE OF HIS EYES.

A SSEMBLYMAN WAUHOPE LYNN, who has sought a niche in the Hall of Fame by the introduction of his "large type" bill, has spent considerable time before the committee to which his measure was referred in arguing that no books should be printed in type smaller than brevier, for the protection of the eyes of the people.

After the Monday night session following the introduction of his bill had adjourned, Mr. Lynn still sat in his seat. He was writing. He was writing so hard and so fast that he did not notice that everyone else

had left the chamber. Apparently he did not notice that all the lights were turned out except a few solitary globes in a distant corner of the room. With his eyes within a few inches of the paper, the member from the Third District of Manhattan wrote on and on indefatigably.

"What are you doing there in the dark?" at last shouted the janitor, dangling his keys. "Trying to put your eyes out, man?"

"No," replied the writer, "I was only preparing the brief on my 'large type' bill."

"AN EXTRA ELECTION AVOIDED."

A SSEMBLYMEN STEVENS AND PLANK were driven out of their lodgings early one Friday morning by a fire, which made such rapid headway that in their haste Mr. Stevens left behind the most recent amendments to his Pure Beer bill, and Mr. Plank abandoned \$60 in cash and several suits of clothes. Nevertheless, Mr. Stevens believed himself the more aggrieved. He has tried since to amend his Pure Beer bill as he had it amended before the fire, but has found it impossible.

Mr. Stevens is the editor and proprietor of "The Malone Farmer," the leading weekly Republican organ of Malone, in Franklin county. On the day after the fire he was found by a fellow Assemblyman from the Adirondack corner of the State seated in the Assembly

library, and busily writing on some large sheets of yellow paper. He was writing with such great concentration of mind that he failed to hear the stentorian voice of Colonel Lawrence, who is commonly known as "the king of the pages," giving orders to his small regiment. He did not even hear the voice of his fellow Assemblyman until the latter slapped him on the back and exclaimed:

"Hello, Hal! You had a narrow escape this morning. Got burned out, I hear. Narrow escape, eh?"

The Assemblyman from Franklin county wound up a yellow sheet with a flourish, and, looking up, said quietly:

"Yes. If I had not awakened as soon as I did I might not have escaped with my life."

"So bad as that?" rejoined his friend. "What are you doing now — writing a description of your experience for 'The Farmer'?"

"That's just what I am doing."

"What caption are you going to give your story?" asked a newspaper man who happened to overhear the conversation.

"Well, I was thinking," said the editor, pensively, "that I would head the article with the words, 'An Extra Election Avoided.'"

"FARMER REMSEN," THEY CALL HIM.

ASSSEMBLYMAN REMSEN, who represents the Eighteenth District of Kings county, is best known by the different members of the Brooklyn delegation as "the farmer." How this urbane legislator, who prides himself on his faultless attire and his metropolitan manners, came to receive this appellation is more or less a matter of nebulous conjecture. Some say that he earned the name because he prefers to sit in a rural neighborhood. Mr. Remsen occupies seat No. 88, at the extreme right of the house, and his nearest neighbors are Assemblymen Reynolds, of Petersburg; Thorne, of Clintondale, and Hanford, of Waverly. This theory, however, would seem to have little ground, since Assemblyman Cotton, of Brooklyn, also sits near this rural delegation, and has nevertheless escaped the bucolic title of the member from the Eighteenth District.

A more plausible reason, however, for Mr. Remsen's title to the appellation of "farmer" was made known one Friday near the end of the session, when Assemblyman De Graw, of Brooklyn, came over from the other side of the house to make him a visit. Seat No. 88, however, was vacant.

"Where's Farmer Remsen?" asked Mr. De Graw of Assemblyman Cotton, who was busy talking to an up-State member.

"Gone out ploughing," answered the Brooklynite. "Spring has come, and he wants to get in his early corn."

"Why do you call him Farmer Remsen?" asked the up-State member, with a puzzled and even painful expression on his weather-browned face.

"Don't know," said the two Kings county men in chorus, "but's that what we call him."

"Curious, ain't it?" at last remarked the up-State legislator. "I always heerd tell that all you fellers from Brooklyn be called 'farmers.'"

CAN'T STOMACH CHAMPAGNE.

IT has finally been discovered that, simply because of a difference in taste, Assemblymen Axtell and Costello, who are one and inseparable by day, must separate by night. The two are known as the "David and Jonathan of the Assembly," and during the day it is hardly possible to find Mr. Axtell without seeing Mr. Costello in the foreground or background, and should one run across Mr. Costello in some room of the Capitol the shadow of Mr. Axtell would soon darken the doorway. Assemblyman Costello is from Oswego county, and his home is at Altmar. His fellow member is the representative of Delaware county. In Albany both live at the same house, No. 23 Jay street.

After nightfall, however, it has been noticed that a certain strangeness arises between them. When the evening meal is eaten the two make their way to the Ten Eyck Hotel, which is the chief stamping ground for politicians, legislators, lobbyists and legislative re-

formers. But the two men separate at the door. The David from Delaware goes upstairs into the broad lobby of the hotel, while the Oswego Jonathan makes his way to the grillroom. For a long time this nocturnal alienation of the two men remained a mystery. Any question asked of the Delaware farmer was always turned aside by some reference to theatricals, for which Mr. Axtell has a passionate fondness. Indeed, it is said he would have gone on the stage had not the crops of Delaware county proved more alluring. It was thus one Thursday evening that the Barbourville farmer was seated alone in the lobby, when he was approached by an Adirondack Assemblyman.

"Hello, Delos!" exclaimed the Adirondack member. "Where's Costello?"

"Down in the grillroom," was the lugubrious answer.

"Why, sure 'nough! That's so! He's got some company — some drug clerks up to see him on the drug clerk bill. It's in his committee, you know. Come on down."

"No, thanks," replied the member from Barbourville. "I can't stomach that champagne."

"So it's just a difference of taste, eh, Delos?"

A sorrowful nod was the only answer.

RIERDON AND THE SMALL BOY.

ASSEMBLYMAN RIERDON, who represents the Second District of New York, has become exceedingly popular with all the small boys of his district because of a speech which he once made on the floor of the Assembly. Mr. Rierdon may be so farsighted that he was looking forward to win the good esteem of the voters of the next generation, and, judging from the welcome which these youngsters gave him on his return to No. 88 Elm street, he has been fully successful.

The occasion for Mr. Rierdon's speech was offered when Assemblyman Plank's bill making it a misdemeanor to steal into a baseball game came up for second reading one Friday morning.

"I move to strike out!" shouted the Tammany member from the Second District. Mr. Plank accordingly rose to his feet and explained the purpose of the bill. Mr. Plank is the representative of St. Lawrence county, and his home is at Waddington.

"My bill," he said, "is intended to keep small boys out of baseball games. At the baseball games that we have in Ogdensburg it is impossible to keep the boys out. We built fences ten feet high, planed them perfectly smooth on the outside and stretched barbed wire along the top, but the boys still got in. They climbed into trees, crawled out on the branches, and then dropped into the field. So many would do this simultaneously that it was impossible to detect the wrongdoers.

"Then we cut down the trees. What did the boys do but dig holes under the fences and come in that way. My bill is considered the only remedy for such an existing state of affairs. The people of St. Lawrence county want this bill and want it badly."

"Mr. Speaker," interrupted the New York Assemblyman, "the gentleman from Waddington could never have been a boy to have introduced such a bill as this. I know that I was a boy, and about the best fun I had was to go to a baseball game, and I didn't always have the price, either. Mr. Speaker, we want to remember our childhood days more endearingly. I dare say that most of us have gone to baseball games without the price. Mr. Speaker, in behalf of the growing youth of my district and of the State of New York, I move that this bill be laid aside until Monday night, when I propose to kill it outright."

And the bill was killed.

GENTLE CIGARS FOR GENTLE MEN.

AMONG the guests whom the Lieutenant-Governor entertained one Sunday recess at his lodge, Kill Kare, in the Adirondacks, were Senators Krum and Ellsworth. Mr. Woodruff is well known as a splendid entertainer, and he seeks to meet the particular tastes of his guests. Accordingly, he was busying himself on the Friday preceding in procuring whatever might be needed by the company in the course of their

three days' outing. When all things were in readiness, and Mr. Woodruff was about to leave the Hotel Ten Eyck for the special engine and car which were in waiting at the railroad station, he stopped suddenly, as if he had forgotten something. His hesitation lasted only a moment, however, and going over to the cigar stand in the lobby of the hotel he said:

"Give me a box of mild cigars."

A box was presented and the bright pictured lid was opened.

"I wonder if these are gentle enough," Mr. Woodruff remarked to a friend near him. "I want them very gentle, very gentle, indeed; they are for Ellsworth and Krum."

KELSEY'S CUMULATIVE VOTE.

ASSEMBLYMAN KELSEY, chairman of the Cities Committee of the "Lower House," and perhaps the best versed man in the Assembly on the constitutional questions involved in the Ramapo Repeal bills, is the most heard-of man in the Assembly. In other words, Mr. Kelsey is heard from more frequently than any other member. He does not rise for debate as often as Mr. Allds, the leader of the Republican majority, nor offer one-tenth as many resolutions as are presented by Mr. Harburger, of New York, but he always responds to his name on the rollcall and with a clear, resonant voice. Inasmuch as the rest of the members make no answer to the rollcall on the major-

ity of bills, Mr. Kelsey's loud and sonorous "Aye" at once charms and interests the stranger who visits the chamber for the first time.

For instance, a bill authorizing the village of Painted Post to cede two acres to its cemetery comes up for final passage. The clerk reads the title of the bill; the Speaker, seeing no objection from any member in the great semi-circular well below him, then orders the last section read, and the clerk begins to call the roll. Hardly a member, except perhaps the introducer of the bill, has much more than the vaguest idea of the cemetery of Painted Post, or whether there is any politics in the bill or not. No one answers to his name as the clerk rattles off the list, until Mr. Kelsey's name is reached.

Then a reverberating "Aye" resounds from the seat of the member from Livingston. A moment more of the listless murmur of the clerk, and the rollicall is finished, and the bill passed. The Speaker then calls out the next bill, which, if there is no objection, is passed as the one preceding, the only audible vote coming from Mr. Kelsey.

It has long been a subject of much discussion why the member from Livingston always voted, and always alone, on the "unobjectionable" bills. No one chanced to ask him, or if somebody had, no satisfactory explanation was ever obtained. The mystery grew blacker and deeper until one Friday, when Senator Cullen happened to be sitting near the chairman of the Cities Committee. An "unobjectionable" bill was being passed. Nothing was heard but the low mur-

mur of the clerk, and the din of the chamber. Suddenly Mr. Kelsey sat bolt upright in his chair, adjusted his glasses, and shouted "Aye!"

"What do you do that for?" asked the Senator from the Third District, looking at Mr. Kelsey as if the Assemblyman was unwell.

"I always vote aloud on all these bills," said the latter, after having removed his glasses. "The bill would not be constitutionally passed without some audible vote. You see, it isn't necessary for everybody to take the trouble to say 'Aye.' That would cause indefinite confusion. So it has come to be my duty to vote for the rest."

"Then your vote might be called a cumulative vote?" remarked the Long Island Senator.

"Cumulative is good," responded Mr. Kelsey, who was now preparing to vote for the next bill.

A "RISE" OUT OF GARDINER.

ASSEMBLYMEN JAMES E. SMITH and Leon Sanders, of New York, were remarking one Wednesday upon the unusual concentration of mind shown by Assemblyman Gardiner, of Monroe county. Mr. Gardiner was swiftly writing page after page of manuscript. A page boy stood near with a glass of water, and the Assemblyman grasped at the glass and drank as if it were an afternoon in the dog days. A heavy debate was on over the Fresh Sausage bill, but Mr. Gardiner appeared perfectly oblivious to the fight.

"What can he be doing?" queried Assemblyman Smith.

"Can't say," answered Assemblyman Sanders.

"Did you ever see Gardiner work like that before?"

"Never did," was the answer.

"Perhaps it's a brief on Burnett's Pure Beer bill?"

"Can't be, he's drinking too much water."

"Well, I'll get a rise out of him, just to see," said Smith. "Here's a bill of his on the calendar. When we get to it I'll move to strike out. I don't know anything about the bill, but never mind."

The fresh sausage debate had now ended, and the clerk, running his eye down the calendar, came to a Gardiner bill.

"I move to strike out," shouted Mr. Smith.

There was a short silence, since nobody responded in defense of the bill.

"Is Mr. Gardiner present?" at last shouted the Speaker, glancing down at the assiduous member from Monroe.

The Monroe Assemblyman started at the sound of his name, glanced at the calendar, and then said:

"I don't understand how anybody could object to this bill. It is merely a little local bill. It only permits the placing of set lines on the bank of —"

"The objection withdrawn," interrupted Mr. Smith. "I just wanted to get a rise out of the gentleman from Monroe. I was afraid he was not paying attention to the Assembly proceedings."

Later Mr. Gardiner is said to have explained to the New York Assemblyman that he was figuring up his expense account for the session.

AS TO "MANDATORY MICROBES."

GOVERNOR ODELL is averse to mandatory legislation affecting local interests. He has shown his attitude not only in vetoing more than a score of such bills, and in his refusal to accept a State police or a metropolitan police bill, but also in many casual hints which he drops in the course of conversation. Such a hint he once let drop in the ear of Senator Cooks, and the latter will doubtless cherish it as a guide to his footsteps in his legislative walks for many months to come.

The Quaker Senator had called on the Governor in behalf of a bill which he had introduced to provide for a trunk sewer and disposal plant in the Fifth Ward of Queens county. The sewer as planned was to empty somewhere into Jamaica Bay.

The Governor considered the measure carefully, and then said:

"But won't this sewer spoil the oysters down there? You know, Senator, I am very fond of oysters."

"I do not think so," replied the Long Island legislator.

"Ah! but you are not sure. This sewer may breed millions of microbes in the oysters of the Bay. What is even worse, judging from the language of the bill, these are mandatory microbes."

"Mandatory microbes?" queried the Long Islander, twirling his great black broad-brimmed hat on the index finger of his left hand.

"Yes," answered the Governor, "and they are not found alone in this bill. Mr. Cocks, there are far too many bills which come to me that are infested with this same mandatory microbe."

FRED AND JOE.

S. FREDERICK NIXON, Speaker of the Assembly, and Jotham P. Allds, leader of the Republican dragoons of the lower house, are known by their fellow members as "Fred and Joe."

In the thick of many a fight on the floor of the Assembly, when some audacious Democrat is attempting to discharge the Committee on Commerce and Navigation of some ferry bill, Mr. Allds will be seen approaching the desk, and in a low voice be heard to say:

"Fred, Fred, we've got to throw this fellow down."

"Well, Joe," is the answer. "Can't we do it? Isn't it only a question of 105 to 34?"

"Don't be too sure, Fred. He's a scrapper."

"Better shut him up then, eh, Joe," and so saying the big Chautauquan brings down his gavel so as to start another crack in the splinted table top, with the shout:

"The gentleman will come to order and confine himself to the subject."

With the aid of this interruption, Joe moves the previous question, and the Democrat's motion is buried in a landslide of Republican votes.

Both Fred and Joe live in the big brownstone house in Washington square which is known by the popular name of the House of Commons.

Here, in company with the other members of the senior society, including Assemblymen Nelson, Morgan, Price, Seymour and Fletcher, and James G. Graham, the Governor's secretary, Fred and Joe talk of the intrigues of the day and draw maps for future campaigns.

After the lunch is removed from the big dining-room table after supper and Mr. Morgan has finished telling of his new winter hill Fred will get off a joke which occasionally is at Joe's expense.

So it happened one such evening that Joe said:

"You might all think it strange boys, but I was a Sunday-school teacher up there in Chicago many once."

"That must have been before you went into politics," responded Fred.

All laughed except Morgan, who doubtless was thinking of his winter hill.

SENATE PAGES ARE WILLING.

SENATOR BRACKETT stopped for a moment in his task of reading his morning mail one Friday to take notice of a bright-eyed, red-headed page boy, who darted back and forth between the Senators and the clerk with the activity of that species of fire-works known as "chasers."

"What willing boys these pages are!" remarked

Senator Krum, who sits cheek by jowl on Senator Brackett's right.

"Very true," replied the Senator from Saratoga, "Little Reddy is willing, and all the others are willing to watch Little Reddy work."

THE CRESCENDO OF JOHN "FOREVER" AHERN.

THERE is no voice that answers the rollcall of the Assembly which startles the stranger more than that of John "Forever" Ahern, of Rensselaer county. Mr. Ahern's "Aye," or "No," as the case may be, is strikingly similar to the shriek of a siren whistle. Mr. Ahern's voice thus differs altogether from any other voice in the Assembly, and awakens echoes in the ceiling and walls which no other voice can call into sympathetic being. This phenomenon is, perhaps, best explained by the fact that in the crescendo and diminuendo of this Rensselaer voice almost every tone and half tone is represented.

Mr. Ahern has at times the responsible duty of answering first on the rollcall. Mr. Adams, of Brooklyn, is the official bellwether of the Republican flock, but often on Monday nights he and Assemblyman Adler, who also alphabetically precedes Mr. Ahern, are delayed in New York. Thus one Monday night the duty fell on the member from Rensselaer to lead the faithful Republican sheep where "the shepherd from Chenango county" bade them go. All went well until the

Lunacy Commission bill came up, when Assemblyman McInerney offered an amendment intended radically to change its provisions. As the bill was personally recommended by the Governor, the Chenango shepherd hastily rallied his flock to kill all amendments and pass the bill. But when the rollcall came on the amendment the acting bellwether from Rensselaer county startled the leaders of his party with an "Aye!" which soared to the very flagpoles of the Capitol and then sank into the river at the foot of the hill. Strangers in the hall thought that the night line of steamboats to New York had been re-established for the season, and that one of the fleet had blown out all of her boiler through her whistle. Others who frequent the chamber shook their heads and said "It's only Ahern."

The vote of the Rensselaer member might have worked until confusion and catastrophe had not Mr. Allds been the next to respond to the rollcall. The gentleman from Chenango, with a commanding sweep of his crook, headed his flock about, so that they went straight down that rollcall without even looking back once. At the end Mr. Ahern succeeded in obtaining recognition enough to say: "Mr. Speaker, I got off on that lunacy bill. I meant to vote against the amendment. I've had a good deal to do with the Lunacy Commission."

"Which explains your getting 'off,'" interrupted Assemblyman Bryan, the author of the "anti-electrocution" bill. The amendment was killed, and Mr. Ahern was forgiven with a laugh.

NEW YORK CITY HAS SEVERAL MAYORS TOO MANY.

THERE was great tumult and confusion on the Tammany side of the Assembly Chamber one morning before the session opened. Groups of Tammany men formed in the aisles and talked eagerly together, and then rallied around the seat of Assemblyman Prince. A few minutes later Mr. Prince sprang to his feet and shouted:

"Mr. Speaker, I ask the privileges of the floor for one of the greatest men of the great East Side, Aaron Hanover, the Mayor of Avenue C!"

At this a short, stout man rose from a seat near Mr. Prince and bowed graciously to the admiring group around him.

An Adirondack member, turning to Assemblyman Gherardi Davis, of New York, said:

"I understand it all now, Davis; all your hard work in revising your city charter."

"What do you mean?" asked the New York Assemblyman.

"Why, don't you realize what a mixed-up town you've got?" was the reply. "With a Mayor for every darn street, I don't wonder you have to revise your charter."

" KILT BY THE B'ILER BUSTIN'."

AT one of the hearings on the Two Platoon Firemen bill before the Assembly Committee on Cities several labor leaders appeared in behalf of the measure. Most of them sought to convert the committee to their manner of thinking more by arousing their sympathies than by the use of arguments in any way relevant to the bill.

One leader, for instance, had read the first few pages of some book by Henry George, the last report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics and a half-hundred pages in "How the Other Half Lives." With this amount of ammunition the speaker charged on the committee with all the dauntlessness of the Rough Riders at San Juan Hill.

Another leader simply fell back on his record and endeavored to win the awe of the committeemen by the mere rehearsal of his great achievements in the world of labor. He told, for instance, how many hundred thousand members there were in the organization of which he was the official head and shoulders. Then he drew a prophetic picture of the millennium, when the trusts would be killed, capital overthrown, and the masses restored "to their pristine rights before the flood." Whether or no the speaker had a very definite idea of what were those pristine rights before the world-ocean cruise of Noah and his party was not revealed to the committee.

A third leader sought to impress the Assemblymen

with the depth, volume and number of reverberations of his voice. As one member of the committee expressed it:

"The man roared with such force that the sound did not leave my ears for the next thirty-six hours. It was like the bass horn of a band of a hundred pieces."

But there was one labor agitator who endeavored to make his appeal only to the sympathy of the committee. He told of the dangerous and often fatal risks which firemen take, of the sensation of being burned or scalded alive, and then, as if to add still more vivid coloring to his Drury Lane picture, he concluded:

"And dem ere b'ilers, aye, but dey be dangerous; aye, sure, an' I be tellin' to you de truf. Why, only de oder day one of dem b'ilers busted, and say, two men were kilt. It didn't happen for to make so much of difference, though, in dis case, for de two as were kilt were only niggers. But dey're dangerous, dose b'ilers be, and don't you forget it."

TERROR OF THE "STRIKERS."

ASSSEMBLYMAN DAVIS, of the Twenty-seventh District of New York, is the terror of the "strikers" in the lower house. Mr. Davis has taken so seriously to heart the duty of holding up strike measures, grab bills and sneak bills that he keeps a written record of such measures in a small pocket-book. When the Assembly is in session it is a customary sight to see Mr. Davis sitting with the day's calendar of bills in one hand and his "strike bill book" in the other. Occasionally he will make a heavy cross with a lead pencil against a bill, saying the while to Assemblyman Henry, from the Fifth District, who sits across the aisle:

"The next bill is a bad bill, a pernicious bill. It strikes at the So-and-so company, of So-and-so street."

The next minute he is on his feet. In addressing the Speaker, Mr. Davis always begins with an apostrophe, thus:

"Oh, Mr. Speaker, I object. I move to strike out."

Then the bill is sometimes laid aside, or as often it is railroaded through.

Mr. Davis was found one Friday morning earnestly studying his pocket note book and making black crosses against certain bills on the calendar.

"Don't you ever rest?" was asked.

"Not on Fridays," was the answer.

"Most of the other New York members have gone

home to-day. I should think you would also take the chance to get back to the city."

"I only missed one day's session in the three years I've been here," was the answer; "and I'll never miss another if I can help it."

"What happened?"

"Wait—" Here the Assemblyman just succeeded in holding up a bill which provided that all street cars must be provided with spittoons. The bill was laid over.

"That was a bad bill," said the Assemblyman, collecting his thoughts again. "But you asked me what happened? Why, in my first year here I missed a Friday session only to see next morning in the papers that the Assembly had passed a bill which I had been fighting for a whole month. It had been laid aside, and then, in my absence, called up and passed."

Here Mr. Davis pointed to the columns of bills in the laid-aside calendar, which were simply slumbering there until some opportunity offered for them to be routed out and railroaded through to the Senate.

"Slumbering monsters, those bills," said the Assemblyman; but at this point another bill came up for passage whose number happened to be recorded in the strike book, and the member from the Twenty-seventh had again shouted:

"Oh, Mr. Speaker!"

THE USEFULNESS OF THE ROOTER.

A DEMOCRATIC ASSEMBLYMAN who represents a district not more than ten miles from the City Hall of New York was relating to an up-State Democrat one night how he had happened to come to Albany. The two men were comfortably seated at one of the round black tables in the grill-room of the Ten Eyck Hotel, drinking from glasses half-full of what appeared to be ginger ale.

"Part of the matter was," began the Assemblyman, "my election was just a case of pure luck. Went to Europe last summer for my daughter's health, and when on returning I walked down the gangplank, my district leader grasped me by the hand and shouted:

"'Congratulations, old man!'

"'Congratulations?' said I: 'why I was married ten years ago.'

"'Oh, no,' said he, 'I don't mean that. You've got the nomination.'

"'Nomination!' said I: 'what nomination?'

"'Nomination for Assemblyman,' said he.

"'Well,' said I, 'you never owed me anything.'

"'No; but you may owe some of us something before you get through,' said he, and, excusing himself to my daughter, who all the while was holding on to her baggage as if she thought my friend was a customs official, he took me aside and added:

"'Now I'll tell you how you got the nomination. We wanted a fellow that could put up a good stiff bluff;

somebody who could talk, talk a lot, and not give the people a chance to think what he's talking about.'

"'But what am I going to talk about?' said I. 'I'm no auctioneer, nor have I ever run a Coney Island museum!'

"'What to talk about?' said my leader; 'why, that's the simplest part of it. I'll call at your office to-morrow and give you full directions. There's to be a big meeting next Saturday night, and we want to blow a big horn.'

"Well, the next day my leader dropped in at my office.

"'Have you picked up a subject for Saturday night yet?' he asked, pulling up his chair to my desk.

"'Subject? No,' said I. 'See here, Jim (that's what I called him when I wanted a favor of him), you said you would furnish the subjects. I am not going to talk unless I have something worth talking about. I tell you it's the most difficult thing in the world getting a congenial subject.'

"Well, do you know that old truck horse of a politician broke right out laughing. Finally, he said:

"'As I said first, all you have got to do is to talk. Get the words, and the thoughts will come after them. You could never have heard a real spellbinder talk, and make the statement you just made. Now, for instance, if you're talking to get the poor people's vote, you want to talk about parks and recreation piers and appropriations for free coal and fifty-cent gas and five-cent telephones and so on. Tell 'em if you're elected to Albany you will lay out a park in the middle of

your district, so that every poor mother can sit there and enjoy the fresh air. Tell 'em you'll have the city build a couple of recreation piers where father, mother and child can go on hot summer nights and hear the band.'

"'But how about the reform clubs and the business men's associations?' said I. 'These fellows will be on to me, won't they?'

"'Why, these fellows are the easiest of them all,' said my leader, with a chuckle. 'Tell them that you stand for economic government, both in city and State. Talk about municipal corruption and all that kind of business. Say a good word for the vice crusade. Tell 'em that you will introduce a bill cutting down the salaries of half the clerks in the different departments and discharging the other half altogether. Have your bill especially provide that all city employees shall work eight hours a day, thus accomplishing about eight times the work now done.'

"'Then there's a subject,' continued my political chief with increased enthusiasm, 'which is the most important of them all, and which will win the votes of all classes; that's the ferries. Our people are almost entirely dependent on the ferries, you know, to get to and from business and shopping. Tell 'em, then, that we've got to have better ferry service, got to have new ferries, operated with the most modern propellers, with looking-glasses in the women's cabins and a barroom for the men. Tell 'em that you will introduce bills to provide for fifteen minute service up to midnight and five minute service after that till morning. Be sure

and cut the fare in two, and make the corporation build new stations, and employ five times as many men.'

" 'Well, said I, at last, 'you've emphasized these local issues. How about the National issues; how about Bryan? —'

" 'Bryan!' shouted my leader. 'For the love of Heaven, don't talk Bryan. The people down our way got all they wanted of Bryan in 1896. The only man to talk about Bryan is Bryan himself. Of course, when he comes to town, and the Boss puts him up for exhibition at the street corners like some long-haired Indian medicine man, why, just say he's here, but no more. Bryan is a dangerous subject. One of our men in an uptown district was talking Bryan, telling 'em what an enemy of the trusts he was, when someone in the audience shouted out:

" ' "Ain't he a friend of Croker's?" Well, the orator looked as if he had stepped on a third rail. No, sir; Bryan is too dangerous.' "

At this point the up-State Democrat shook his head sadly, as if the name of Bryan recalled similar misadventures in his own political experience.

"Well," continued the Assemblyman, "I told my leader that I'd talk about ferries at the Saturday night meeting. So he arranged to get forty rooters to help on the cheering, and whenever I wanted applause from the rooters he told me to make a double side gesture with both arms. He also told me to walk up the center aisle, where most of the rooters would be stationed, so that I would thus stampede the meeting even before I began to speak. Between that time and Saturday

night I prepared a most elaborate speech on ferries. I learned the age of every ferryboat on the Bay and their respective rates of speed. I made a special study of the number of people who demand transportation each day, and just the hours when the rush is greatest. I drafted in rough outline four bills relating to ferries, which I said I would introduce if I were elected a member of the Legislature, and which would remedy the existing evils.

"Well, the time for the meeting came around, and I went to the hall about a half-hour late. The leader instructed me to be fully that late, so the people would be glad to see me. I tell you, it was a big meeting—a tremendous meeting! The aisles were blocked, and a mob was fighting on the outside to get a glimpse through the doors. The band was playing 'The Man Behind the Guns.' Then, all of a sudden, one of my rooters at the door recognized me and yelled: 'Here he is! Here he is! Three cheers for our next Assemblyman!'

"Well, sir, the place went wild. The forty rooters jumped on their chairs and waved flags and shouted themselves blue in the face. As soon as I reached the platform the forty rooters all began shouting, 'Speech!' 'Speech!' I was still bowing to the rooters and just about to begin my speech, when my leader grabbed me by one arm nervously and whispered in my ear:

"'It's all up. You've got to talk on something else.'

“‘Something else!’ said I. ‘What do you mean, Jim? Can’t I talk on ferries?’”

“‘Not a word. Didn’t think of it till the last minute. Chairman here, he’s a steamboat owner — owns lots of stock in the ferry lines. If you talk ferries there’ll be a row and a free fight right here on the platform.’”

“‘Lucky you told me, Jim,’ said I, ‘this chairman only weighs a hundred pounds more than I do. But, see here, Jim, what am I going to say? Ferries are the only thing I know anything about.’”

“The rooters were yelling now harder than ever. The more I signalled for them to let up the more they yelled ‘Speech!’ ‘Speech!’ While I was racking my brains for a subject the chairman said something to the crowd, and then took his seat. I looked around for my leader. He was gone. I was left there alone. When I looked down on that sea of upturned faces I felt like a ship that had lost its propeller and every inch of canvas. Then I thought of my leader’s injunction: ‘All you have to do is to talk. Get the words, and the thoughts will come afterward.’”

“‘Gentlemen,’ I said, ‘I am here to-night to address you as your candidate for the Assembly.’ (Here I made a double gesture, and the forty rooters cheered so long it gave me a chance to think of the next sentence.)”

“‘Other candidates have their issues,’ I continued. ‘Some are for this thing and some for that thing. Before election they talk on these issues, make promises, beguile the people with what they will do, and

then afterward you never hear of them except in trying to get re-elected by making other promises. Now, I will be fair and square with you. I will simply look in your faces and tell you that my only issue is the good of the common people — of all the people, rich and poor, Jew, Catholic or Protestant.' (Another wide-open gesture, and the forty rooters started such a cheer that the dust came down from the rafters.) 'Other candidates may make their platforms and then after election step off the platforms onto the Albany Express. As for me, there is no platform except to be made of one plank, on which I will stand firm from now until my work in Albany is completed. I only need ask you what that plank is.' (Here I gave a wide gesture, and one of the rooters, who afterward received a raise in salary, shouted, 'The good of the people!' and the other thirty-nine yelled themselves hoarse.)

" 'This nomination was given me,' I continued, 'because my party knew I was not bound by any partisan issues and my views would appeal to all classes alike.' (Tremendous cheers from the rooters.) 'My ear will be open to welcome the demands of the people, not only in the campaign, but also in the Assembly, should you choose to send me there.' ('We'll send you there!' shouted the head rooter, and at this all the other thirty-nine rooters yelled in chorus, 'You'll get there!')

"Well," said the Assemblyman, as he saw the up-State Democrat drain the last drops of his glass, "in another moment the meeting was stampeded, the cheering kept increasing, and then the band struck up 'The Blue and the Gray.' I saw my opportunity and

dodged out a back door. 'That is the beginning and end of my political career,' I thought, as I walked over to the clubrooms. But as soon as I got there a crowd of fellows rushed out and carried me in in their arms.

"'Bully speech!' said one.

"'Best speech of the campaign!' said another.

"'Carried the place by storm!' from a third.

"'You're the man I'll fight for,' said a fourth. 'I'm a Republican, but I'll stand for a man like you, who isn't bound by any partisan issues.'

"Well," remarked the Assemblyman, as he drained his own glass, "I don't need to tell you that I got here."

MARK TWAIN IN "HOGAN'S CORNER."

MARK TWAIN spoke for forty-five minutes one Wednesday afternoon before the Assembly Committee on Public Health in behalf of the Osteopathy bill of Assemblyman Seymour. His remarks were not devoted to the features of this measure which seek to legalize and regulate the practice of osteopathy, nor to the technical differences between this "pathy" and other "pathies," as much as they were devoted to the plea that the State should not fetter a man's freedom to choose whatever sect or cult or school of medicine he desires. After the hearing Mr. Clemens left the heated Assembly chamber and sought a cool seat in the Assembly lobby, known as "Hogan's

Corner," where the fruit man of the lower house keeps his baskets.

"Ah!" exclaimed the humorist, stretching himself out on the soft leather cushions, "it's cooler out here. By the way," turning to a member of the committee who had accompanied him, "what is your name?"

"Fordyce," was the answer; "Fordyce, of Cayuga county."

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Clemens, carefully reviewing the 6 feet 4 of the up-State member's stature, "you've got a lucky name. Most men, like myself, can only have three dice. But ain't you a big fellow to come from that county. You're big enough to represent the whole State. Fordyce? So. I'll remember. By the way, Assemblyman, I wonder what that committee thought of me? I made a perniciously long speech. How long did I speak?"

"About forty-five minutes."

"Forty-five minutes? Impossible, and to think I didn't have my speech prepared, like some of those learned doctors. I must have bored the committee. Really, I ought to go back and apologize."

The Assemblyman from Cayuga county, who is generally known as the Gulliver of the lower house, laughed so heartily that the humorist's mind appeared to be immediately freed from all further anxiety on that score. After a moment of silence Mark Twain said quietly:

"Mr. Fordyce, my coming here this afternoon makes me think of an experience I had in San Francisco some years ago. I was staying at the Russ House. We

the first morning I was there I strayed for one reason or another into the dining-room. Whom should I recognize there but an old friend of mine, whom I hadn't seen for I don't know how long, sitting at a table with a napkin around his neck like some Boxer about to be beheaded. My friend was dabbling in some soppy, sloppy milk toast, and the feeblest, most irresponsible looking tea I ever had the ill-fortune of seeing anywhere.

"‘Sit down and have breakfast with me,’ said he.

"‘Oh, thank you,’ I said, looking at that non-committal tea; ‘but I’ve had my breakfast (as in fact I had) and I am not at all hungry.’

"‘Sit down; sit down,’ persisted my friend. ‘Never mind if you ain’t hungry. Order anything you want. Just keep me company, can’t you?’

"Well, I sat down. By and by he asked for the bill. Come to reckon it up, his breakfast amounted to 20 cents and mine to \$5.25. When he saw that \$5.25 all spread out in so many figures he said:

"‘Say, Mark, if you weren’t hungry this morning, I should never want to see you when you were hungry.’

"That was the way with my talk to-day. If the committee got too much of me to-day, when I hadn’t prepared a speech, what would they have thought of me if I had prepared one?"

There was another hearty laugh from the Cayuga Assemblyman, then silence for a moment. Finally the legislator remarked, after recrossing his legs, so that the right member cut off all possible escape for the author of "Innocents Abroad:"

"You would have been interested in the hearing on the Bell bill, Mr. Clemens. About two hundred Christian Scientists, who feared they would be put out of business by the measure, attended hearings before our committee every Wednesday for three weeks."

"Christian Science?" repeated the author, running his fingers through his white lion's mane as if searching for some fugitive memory. Then, as if his search had proved futile, he rummaged through his pockets and at last pulled out an excessively black cigar. A light was offered by Mr. Fordyce, and after a series of vigorous puffs, the smoke from which nearly stifled the big Republican, Mr. Clemens again repeated:

"Christian Science? Yes, I've tried that, too. I've tried them all, as they come along — allopathy, homœopathy, hydropathy, osteopathy and many a pathy besides; and I've tried Christian Science, too. But I haven't much use for it. It didn't do me any more good than getting into telephonic communication with myself and yelling: 'Hello, Mark Twain! You're all right. Goodby!'

"I tried Christian Science for a cold in the head. I had a savage cold, too. The test was a good one. I went to a Christian Scientist, and we prayed together for some time. He told me to think I didn't have a headache. Well, trying to follow out his directions gave me another headache, twice as bad as the first. No, sir! There's only one way I can cure a cold, and that's to take a good straight drink of pure rye whiskey. The chief drawback to that remedy, however,

is that a man is likely not to wake up for two weeks afterward.

"Now, I don't want to decide this question of Christian Science for anybody but myself. If other people can find happiness in this belief, it would be an act of robbery to deprive them of that happiness. I know an elderly lady, for example, a most delightful lady in many respects, who says she is just as sound and solid at seventy years as that pillar over there."

Here Mr. Clemens called the attention of the Cayuga Assemblyman to the great stone column which bounds Hogan's corner on the south. "Now, whether she is solid or not is a question which concerns me little, if at all, just so long as she thinks she is solid herself."

"At one of the hearings on the Bell bill," interrupted the Cayuga Gulliver, "a Christian Scientist asked all those who had been cured of wearing glasses to stand up, and about one hundred and fifty stood up."

"Well, that was wonderful!" said Mark Twain. "So they gave up wearing glasses? Yet I think I can understand it. People need only think they are cured, and they are cured. If I have a pain in some part of my body, and put my imagination to work somewhere else, I don't think of that pain, and the pain goes away. It gets disgusted and leaves. It doesn't make much difference what I put my mind on, so long as it is concentrated on one thing. If I could put my mind on a multiplication table intently enough, the multiplication table would make me forget my pain."

You can't think of two things at the same time, Mr. Fordyce."

The legislative Gulliver nodded approval to this last thought with great earnestness, and, recrossing his legs, now put his left knee where his right foot had been before.

"To show you what power imagination has," continued Mr. Clemens, "I need only recall some experiences I had on leaving this country to go abroad in 1895. At that time I was raising a large family of — carbuncles. They constituted a very lively little colony on my left leg. Well, by the time I reached Australia my family had become a whole tribe, of which every member was waging a South American revolution for dictatorship. I had planned, however, to give an extended lecture tour in Australia, and in spite of my carbuncles I started to carry out my original intention. Well, it proved the best thing I could do. They used to bring me to the lecture hall in an ambulance and carry me up to the platform in a stretcher, and all the while it seemed to me that my agony would overcome me. But as soon as I got on my feet and saw that crowd of faces looking at me and began to concentrate my mind on the subject of my lecture that tribe on my left leg slowly but surely decamped. pulled up peg and pole and migrated. I knew nothing more of those carbuncles until I reached my last sentence and bade my audience good evening. Then that tribe came swooping down on me again like the Goths on old Rome. and the pain came back. and they had to carry me away again in the ambulance. As I happen

to think of it, I must have talked some of those poor Australians blind, because I knew the longer I talked the longer I would be free from my pain."

"These Christian Scientists told of other wonderful cures at the hearings," again ejaculated the Cayuga Assemblyman, to give his companion an opportunity to puff at the dying embers of his cigar.

"They didn't tell of the cases they lost, did they?" at last responded Mark Twain, enveloping the looming form of the Assemblyman in a nimbus of smoke. "No, they generally don't do that. The doctor doesn't stay up nights telling you of the cases he turns over to the undertaker, but he will keep you awake for weeks relating to you the cures he has effected. Now, as I was about to say, the imagination is at the bottom of all these so-called miracles of healing. It is through imagination that the Christian Scientist, as I understand it, is able to give up his glasses and to forget his pains, as he does forget, without any doubt whatsoever. And in the same way it is through imagination in many instances that pilgrims to shrines, after perhaps bathing in the waters of the place and going through certain formal rites, believe themselves cured of their ailments and leave their crutches or canes or umbrellas, as the case may be, and go away with a light step. There is, for instance, a place in Canada where multitudes go to be cured by a sacred relic, a bone from the mother of the Virgin Mary, and thousands forget their sickness and pains.

"As I said at the hearing when I talked forty-five minutes before that committee, I am a born experi-

mentalist. I want to try every new disease and every new remedy that comes along. That's how I came to know of osteopathy. That's the reason I don't believe it should be driven from this State. I believe that every man should be at liberty to experiment on his body with whatever kind of treatment he pleases. But as for laws limiting the practice of Christian Science, I can't say, because it may be, in some cases, that the public is imperilled through someone treating disease who knows nothing whatever of the character of the disease, whether it be contagious or not."

At this point Mr. Seymour, the introducer of the osteopathy bill, came striding through the lobby with that rapidity of movement which characterizes the representative of the Nineteenth District.

"Ah, here is our friend, Mr. Seymour," remarked Mark Twain.

"Yes, I was looking for you," said the Assemblyman. "Your train leaves in about three minutes."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Clemens. "I had forgotten all about the train." A half minute later and Hogan's corner was empty.



...and, with a flourish, a series of arrows—
the first arrow struck one of the giant balls of
fire. The Dark Tower was again on fire, and
the fire was burning in a pool of red-hot lava.
The fire of the tower was burning.

"I don't believe computers are going to take over," he said. "The best bet is a middle ground now, and I don't see one of it. I agree there have been a lot of further steps, such as the use of word processors, but we don't believe it will take over."

There is a 10% increase in the number of people who are not in the labor force, which is a very large increase in a very short period of time.

That is, the interest rate on any of the bonds issued is fixed, with the coupon payments being constant.

*Save me! Immediately send me 120 mg.

"So, I can't say that I know the value of a practical day's work or a day's leisure. But I should not want that the student who has the Five-Fold City for most serious (but valueless) work, and who is unable to control it."

Though most said Dr. I will give up-

"Technology never sleeps, so we don't."

Source: *Journal of the American Statistical Association*, 1997, 92, 1037-1046.

The man with the closed, somewhat sleepy eyes, looking through the massive handle of the glass with a frown, and then reached out a pair of hands and, on the table.

"But what was the point?" demanded the girl, still more earnestly.

PLATE 21 OF 22

"Well," began the Lemonade Vendor, "a very mild day. It was this way. Some of the boys were sitting in the lobby the other morning, when you said—"

"The Lord told that Samaritanian story. It's all his story because I don't want to give the page away! It's willing to be let for you a long hell, too."

17-00000

"We'll want that well, Gen," said I. "There's a MR that will come up on the calendar is a fire engine with a pump and a hose and we'll put one down in the yard."

"How much you?" asked Wherry, 36, who
will never know.

The former speaker stirred up the passions of
 some who had made up the minds of the State
 and Congress.

"Well, I took a slip of paper and wrote down seven names. Then opposite each name I wrote \$10 in fat flourish. Then I took the slip and quietly strolled over in the direction of our friend Blank. By good chance there was a seat vacant just in front of his chair, so I sat down in the vacant seat and held up the slip so my friend couldn't help seeing it. Soon I began to hear him squirm around in his chair, rustle and tear newspapers, and finally almost shake himself in a paroxysm of coughing. That was what I wanted. My fish was nibbling. Why, it was as easy as catching flounders. All I had to do was to pull in the line!"

"You didn't mean to bribe him?" exclaimed both Nos. 1 and 2, exchanging horrified looks with each other.

MADE A SHOW OF HIM.

The third speaker took a deep quaff of his lemonade, stirred up the lemon seeds again, and then, without at all heeding the perturbation of his fellows, continued:

"When I heard that fellow squirming and coughing I simply folded up the slip, put it in my pocket and walked back into the lobby where the 'boys' were. A moment later, who should pass by but Blank!

"There he goes," they said. "He fooled you, didn't he?"

"Just wait," said I. "Just watch him and see."

"Another minute, and Blank came back, eating an apple he had bought in Hogan's corner. As he passed he said 'How d'ye do? How d'ye do?' to all of us, and then began munching his apple. As I moved away from the group he swung around at my elbow and said:

"What's up?"

"What's up?" said I, with all the surprise I could summon.

"Yes," said he, "something's doing, ain't there?"

"Well, yes," said I, "something's doing; but why do you want to know?"

"Didn't you let in those fellows out there?" said he, nervously.

"You're a good guesser," I answered, "but, Blank, that don't concern you any, does it?"

"Blank hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Fraid you don't know me."

"You don't mean, Blank," said I, "that you want to be let in on this proposition?"

"Certainly, certainly," was the answer. "How many votes do you need?"

"Impossible!" chorused Nos. 1 and 2.

"Theascal!" said No. 1.

"The second!" said No. 2.

The third speaker tipped his glass to one side so that a few drops of the lemonade spilled on the table. Then he began again:

"Well, Blank," said I, "I've just got 70 votes—just enough to pass my bill."

"The fellow's face fell like night in the tropics. But as a new thought struck him he brightened up and said:

"But you ought to have a couple more votes, to be sure. You may lose some of 'em. Sometimes you can't depend on the Blestans!"

"The Hessians were mercenary troops hired by the British in the Revolution," calmly explained the man with the claret lemonade. "These Hessians are also mercenary troops hired for the occasion. But, as I was saying, my friend Blank had expressed the opinion that I ought to have a couple more votes. So I said:

"Well, Blank, I can't pay more than \$5 for any additional votes."

"Five dollars!" said he, in disgust. "Do you take me for a common laborer? What do you mean? Five dollars for a vote? From me? Why, the lowest I ever knew was \$10. Keep your dirty money—I don't want it. Keep it!"

"Well, the bill which Blank thought I was interested in came up a few minutes later. I cared no more about that bill than one of the statutes of Florida. When the debate ended and the bill was put to a vote I saw Blank looking at me with an angry look as if he had been robbed of all his money before his own eyes. The clerk was calling off the D's, when I held up one hand, with the five fingers extended. Blank's face took on a still more disgusted look. Then I saw both his hands go up and the ten fingers separate. I didn't look at him again till the clerk had reached the \$'s. By this time all the other boys who understood the situation were smiling at one another and beckoning me to turn around. Just then the clerk called out, 'Seventy-eight ayes, \$3 noes.' I looked around suddenly, and saw Blank's hand come down. He had at last put up five fingers, but it was too late."

There was a momentary silence. Then said No. 1: "It doesn't seem possible, and, what is more, I can't understand why I haven't seen such things."

"Nor I, either," said No. 2.

But the man with the claret lemonade drained his glass and said not a word.

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WHEN MORGAN SMILED.

IT IS SO RARELY HE DOES THAT THE INCIDENT IS WORTH RECORDING.

Albany, April 15 (Special).—Assemblyman Morgan, of Kings County, rarely ever smiles when he is debating a bill. Mr. Morgan, perhaps, has battled so long and so persistently with the forces of Ramapo that he has come to think legislative life is too serious for smiles. But the little Assemblyman from Kings forgot himself last week when the town election bill of Assemblyman Stevens came up for discussion. In the heat of the conflict between the Adirondack and the Brooklyn members Mr. Morgan was seen brandishing a newspaper.

"Oh, Mr. Speaker!" he at last exclaimed, standing on his tiptoes, so as not to lose the Speaker's eye: "Oh, Mr. Speaker, I rise to a point of order. I do not think you can legislate against such abuses as they tell about any more than you can by legislation stop a farmer from blowing out the gas."

Immediately a buzz fell on the chamber. Mr. Morgan meanwhile happened to be looking straight at Assemblyman Swift, of Broome County. There was a look of such intention in the face of the Brooklynite that Mr. Swift seemed puzzled. Then, turning to Assemblyman Erwin, of Westchester,

LYNN PUZZLES ASSEMBLYMEN BY HIS RATHER OBSCURE 60 REPORTEE.

Albany, April 13 (Special).—Wauhope Lynn, of the 11th Assembly District, New-York, often puzzles the Assembly by his sudden shifts in repartee. In arguing against a certain tax law last Tuesday he said:

"This bill will work hardship to a great many men who own property in different counties. Take my own case for example. I now own property in four different counties—New-York, Suffolk, Westchester and Greene counties."

The speaker was here interrupted by Assemblyman "Tim" Sullivan, who, with a side wink at Assemblyman McKeown, said: "May I ask the gentleman a question?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered the member from the 11th District.

"Then I want to ask the gentleman if he will own property in any more counties after the legislature adjourns."

"Yes, I will," replied Lynn, "if the word of Sullivan and McKeown amounts to anything."

McKEOWN DISLIKES SCALPERS.

HIS BALD HEAD CONVINCES ASSEMBLYMAN EVERETT OF THAT FACT.

Albany, April 13 (Special).—When the Anti-Scalpners bill, providing for the purchase of all railroad tickets at authorized offices, came up for final passage in the Assembly last Thursday the rollcall showed an exceedingly close ballot. As the bill was introduced by Assemblyman Everett, of Putnam County, Mr. Everett was naturally somewhat worried about the number of votes cast in the affirmative, and was carefully counting them off on a tally list. Finally, the clerk reached the name of Mr. McKeown, the leader of the Kings County Democrats. As there was no answer, Mr. Everett looked anxiously in the direction of the Brooklyn member's seat. Mr. McKeown was sitting with his back to the speaker, and the sunshine from the southern windows shone with a reflected brightness from his smooth tonsure.

"How does Mr. McKeown vote?" asked the speaker, when the Brooklynite still failed to answer. Before Mr. McKeown could reply the Putnam County member exclaimed:

"Aye, of course!" Then, in a whisper, he added: "Do you think McKeown would vote against an anti-scalpers bill? If you don't believe me, just look at that sunshine!"

FRIEBIE KNOWS HOW TO TRAVEL.

Albany, April 12 (Special).—In the discussion on a certain railroad bill in the Assembly last week, Assemblyman Wekesa, of New-York, happened to say:

"Now, suppose there was an excursion from New-York to Buffalo, and I wanted to go. Under the existing law what would I have to do?"

"Get a pass," interrupted Assemblyman Friebie, of Schoharie.

The roar of laughter which followed showed that the joke had not failed for lack of appreciation.

STEVENS NEEDS A PHONOGRAPH.

Albany, April 12 (Special).—Assemblyman Stevens, of Franklin County, was so wrought up over a bill which he attacked in debate last Wednesday that he said:

"Mr. Speaker, I am against this bill. It is a bad bill, and should be killed. I want both my vote and my voice recorded against it."

"Too bad, Stevens," said a fellow member, as the speaker sat down, "but I guess you will have to furnish your own phonograph if you want your voice recorded."

"THE DROMIOS" CONFUSE THE SPEAKER.

Albany, April 21 (Special).—Assemblymen Wekesa and Seymour, who, as has been printed before in these columns, have come to be known as "the Assembly Dromios," because of their striking similarity of feature, were again badly mixed up last week. It happened that Mr. Seymour, in attempting to secure recognition in debate, was cut short by Mr. Wekesa, who was also trying to catch the Speaker's eye. Both members stroked their Van Dyke beards for an instant, then waved their right hands, and shouted in the same pitch of voice:

"Oh, Mr. Speaker!"

Speaker Nixon glanced from one to another with as puzzled an expression as if he had suddenly seen double or was looking at a mirage. Then, pointing to Mr. Seymour, he exclaimed:

"I recognize the other Dromio."

After the Dromios had looked at each other to be sure which was "the other Dromio," Mr. Wekesa took his seat.

A NEW KIND OF WINDMILL.

Albany, April 29 (Special).—At the height of the debate on a liquor bill recently Mr. Harburger, of New-York, after an extended harangue, made the statement that although he supported the cause of the liquor dealers, he never drank a drop of liquor in his life.

"This is wonderful," interrupted Assemblyman Barnett, of Ontario County; "with all the knowledge I have of agricultural implements, I never before have seen a windmill run by water."

THE ASSEMBLY AND HOW IT IS EMPLOYED.

April 29 (Special).—S. Frederick Nixon, of the Assembly, and Jotham P. Allds, the Republican dragoons on the floor of the Assembly, are known by those within the railing of the Assembly by the friendly names of "Fred" and "Joe." In the course of legislation which requires deliberation "Fred" looks to "Joe" for support and "Joe" looks up to "Fred." But there have been only a few times in this session when "Fred" and "Joe" have found it necessary to do otherwise than summon the Republican contingent to fall in order to defeat their opponents. When Democrats make any show of fight "Joe" gets 103 Republicans behind him and charges down on the thin red line of the 44 Democrats, much as a mowing machine mows down a crop of tiger lilies. To be sure, "Joe" sometimes finds his ranks with an occasional hole in their front. For instance, he is most likely to find holes where Assemblymen Davis, Henry, Bennet, Cooley and Harris Wilson have preferred to vote independently of party dictum. But even with this loss of numbers and of discipline, "Joe" puts up for the most part an irresistible front.

"Fred and Joe" hold their consultations of war above the row of reporters who sit in front of the clerk's desk. When, for example, an audacious Democrat is attempting to discharge the Committee on Gas, Water and Electricity from the consideration of his bill, "Joe" is seen approaching the desk and is heard to say:

"'Fred,' 'Fred,' we've got to throw this fellow down."

"Well, 'Joe,' that's easy," is the answer. "We can do it, can't we? It's only a case of 104 to 44."

At this "Fred" brings down his gavel so as to start another crack in the top of his desk, and then shouts:

"The gentleman will please come to order and confine himself to the subject."

With the aid of this interruption "Joe" moves the previous question, and the Democrat is buried under an avalanche of Republican votes.

But on Thursday last "Fred and Joe" were confronted with a revolt among the Republicans which finally got almost beyond their control. The insurrection occurred over the Stranahan Excise bill. Republican after Republican was deserting from "Joe's" dragoons. The Democrats were exultant. The Stranahan bill was an administration measure, they said, and "Joe" had lost control of his forces and could not pass it. At last there was a consultation of war above the reporters' desks. "Fred" asked the leader of the dragoons anxiously, "what are we going to do?"

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1990

"AS SUCH" was the word.

The police said a 28-year-old man, who is known to police as "John", was standing in the street at the time of the shooting. The shooting was said to have occurred at 10:30 p.m.

"It is a party disease. The winner's survival, and even their challenger's survival is essential to the life of it."

...of a soldier and a peasant soldier, turned noble, and then a great one.

There was another consideration of a

*BANKRUPTCY COURT ORDER RE: DEBTOR'S DISBURSEMENT OF FUNDS TO CREDITORS

2000

"I must be serious."

"Historic corrected," said "The" network. The network said it was

their line as neatly slipping away. The power of "Feed and See."

THINKING ABOUT BUYING

[illegible]

showed across the chamber, with only the body exposed.

—There is an appropriation bill, Mr. Speaker, and the title should be read as that of an appropriation bill.

The stock they need is a deep pocket, necessary when so many:

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[illegible]

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"Say, but that's strange. Never knew you were
but now looking at your wife, I don't think

TIT FOR TAT.

A LITTLE TILT BETWEEN ASSEMBLYMEN 66 WEEKES AND SULLIVAN.

Albany, April 20 (Special).—When the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company's bill of Assemblyman Weekes came up for consideration last Thursday, Assemblyman Sullivan was on his feet in an instant. With the smile that hardly ever absents itself from his face, he exclaimed:

"Mr. Speaker, I move to strike out."

Mr. Weekes then explained the bill, saying that it merely permitted the company to reincorporate as it might do under the present law.

Mr. Sullivan then withdrew his objection and the bill was passed.

The next bill on the calendar was one of Mr. Sullivan's. Mr. Weekes, seeing a rare opportunity for exchanging "a tooth for a tooth," immediately moved to strike out.

"Oh, Mr. Speaker," exclaimed "Little Tim;" "this bill is in line with all the meritorious legislation which Mr. Weekes and myself have introduced during the session."

"Then I withdraw my objection," responded Mr. Weekes, amid much laughter. And the Sullivan bill was passed.

A BILL WITH NO POLITICS IN IT.

Albany, April 20 (Special).—Senator Brackett was explaining the other morning the provisions of one of his Saratoga bills.

"What does the bill do?" asked Senator Foley, who could not hear the Saratoga member distinctly.

"It permits the village of Saratoga," was the answer, "to buy supplies at certain times of the year. There is absolutely no politics in the measure."

Senator Foley appeared considerably staggered by the last sentence. Having recovered himself somewhat, he said:

"Well, it's the first time this session you have had a bill that wasn't political. I withdraw my objection."

CAPITOL STORIES

OF THE

LEGISLATIVE SESSION OF 1902

BY

F. SEVERANCE JOHNSON

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1902

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CAPITOL STORIES.

RESEMBLANCE TO LINCOLN MARKED.

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ASSEMBLYMAN FITZGERALD, the Tammany leader in the lower house, received the marked copy of a paper one morning, and was about to throw it into the waste basket, when he thought he saw on one of its pages the picture of Assemblyman Bennet, the author of the Anti-Dancing bill, the Anti-Raines Law Hotel bill, the Anti-Pigeon Shooting bill and the Anti-Divorce Mill bill.

Catching up the paper Mr. Fitzgerald found that it was instead a picture of Abraham Lincoln.

He then showed the picture to Assemblyman Morgan, of Kings.

"That does look like Bennet," said the Kings county member. "Let us present it to him."

Mr. Morgan then cut out the picture, pasted it on a sheet of cardboard, and wrote the following inscription underneath:

THE HONORABLE WILLIAM S. BENNET
OF THE TWENTY-FIRST ASSEMBLY DISTRICT,
AS SEEN WHEN DELIVERING HIS FAMOUS GETTYSBURG SPEECH,
IN WHICH HE SAID:

"YOU CAN SHOOT CRAPS, BUT YOU CAN'T SHOOT PIGEONS."

PRESENTED IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK BY

JOHN HILL MORGAN,

JAMES J. FITZGERALD,

COMMITTEE.

SENATOR LEWIS AND HIS PIPE.

IT so happened the other day that Senator Higgins, of Olean, Cattaraugus county, and Senator Lewis, of Rochester, met in the parlor of the Finance Committee, of which Senator Higgins is chairman. The former wore a long dress overcoat and a Prince Albert coat, and he carried in his hand a derby hat of scrupulous neatness. The Senator from Rochester wore a business overcoat, which, being unbuttoned, disclosed a sack coat, and he wore a slouch hat.

"Have a cigar?" said the Senator from Olean, as he took a couple of the slender type from his pocket and lighted one.

"No, thank you," said the Senator from Rochester. "I always smoke a pipe," and, so saying, he pulled out a straight-stemmed briarwood pipe and began to fill the bowl.

"You like a pipe?" said the Cattaraugus member in a tone half affirmative and half interrogative.

"I have smoked a pipe for the last — well, ever since I began studying law," was the reply, "and that was some time ago." Here Senator Lewis paused a moment, and, after blowing out a big cloud of smoke, he said:

"I am inclined to think that my fondness for the pipe is a fact which has become appreciated by the

Senate, and especially the Democratic contingent from New York. Only yesterday I found a little package in my mail, and on opening it I found a diminutive pipe, about two inches long, and some verses were tied to it. I forget just how they go, but they are something like this:

“Better than home, better than wife,
Better than most of the joys of life,
Yes, best of all, as my years grow ripe,
Is the smoking bowl of my corncob pipe.”

The representative from Rochester took another long puff, and then he added:

“And below the poetry was signed the name of Thomas F. Grady.”

Senator Higgins laughed heartily at this unexpected entrance of the Tammany leader into the field of verse, and followed his companion to the cloakroom.

THE ANTIPODES OF THE ASSEMBLY.

ASSSEMBLYMAN JOHN "FOREVER" AHERN, who represents the Second district of Rensselaer county, and who has come by his middle name because of having introduced the Dramatic Censorship bill, has an antipode in the Assembly in the person of Charles "Whenever" Reynolds, of the Third district of Rensselaer. Mr. Ahern is, for example, smooth shaven. Mr. Reynolds wears a beard. Mr. Ahern generally carries a smile on his face. Mr. Reynolds for the most part carries a serious expression along with his beard. Mr. Ahern is moderately fleshy. Mr. Reynolds is moderately lean. But despite their difference in appearance and temperament, the two men are close friends.

After the bill was introduced Mr. Ahern immediately took a sanguine view of the situation, it is said, and believed that it was only a question of time when the stage would be regulated by the Ahern law, and plays would be as clean as the product of a Troy laundry. Mr. Reynolds, on the other hand, looked on the dark side from the first. He not only doubted, but he came dangerously close to giving up all hope that the Ahern bill would ever pass, and that, therefore, the name of Ahern, like his own, would eventually disappear from the history of the country.

As a compromise between the optimistic Mr. Ahern

and the pessimistic Mr. Reynolds, the bill of the former was withdrawn and a substitute introduced. Mr. Ahern thus gave up his attempt to measure and examine the actors of the country, in order to see if they reach physically, mentally and otherwise his standard of what an actor should be, and determined to limit his censorship instead to plays. In a compromise bill Mr. Ahern proposed to establish a commission which was to throw away whatever play it deemed unfit for the public mind, and to license only those plays which would stimulate the intelligence of theater-goers. The license was fixed at \$100 a play, and the money was to go into the pockets of the censors.

Mr. Ahern was even more delighted over the second bill than he was over the first. On the other hand, Mr. Reynolds became even more discouraged, and is said to have uttered such words as these:

“John, your bill will never pass.”

Time has shown that Mr. Reynolds was indeed a true prophet.

MARKET VALUE OF HAY AND VERSE.

ASSEMBLYMAN STEVENS, of Franklin county, the editor of "The Malone Farmer," in the course of a conversation the other day with a member from the city of New York, happened to make mention of the "Anti-Daisy bill," of Assemblyman Leggitt, of Niagara county. This bill provides that the daisy be classed as a noxious weed along with the wild carrot, the common Canada thistle and the wild lettuce, and that if a farmer does not dig up these weeds the tax assessors are empowered to enter the farm, dig them up and charge the expense to the farmer, along with his taxes.

"And do you think that such a bill is a good bill?" asked the New Yorker. "The daisy, in my mind, is one of the most beautiful flowers that we have. I think that its chief beauty is its simplicity."

"That is all right," said the editor of "The Malone Farmer." "It may be beautiful to look at, but it ruins a crop of hay."

"But if you dig up the daisies, what will our poets do?" asked the city member.

"That is all right," was the answer; "but nowadays the poets don't stand much of a show. At the present time a bale of hay brings a good deal higher price than the same amount of poetry."

"I suppose you ought to know," was the New Yorker's answer, as he turned away with something of a sigh from the Adirondack journalist.

WEEKES OR SEYMOUR WILL HAVE TO SHAVE.

ASEMBLYMEN WEEKES AND SEYMOUR, of New York, who are known, because of their striking similarity, as "The Assembly Dromios," have become so tired of constantly being mistaken the one for the other that it is said they have decided to draw lots to see which one will shave, and thus establish some clew to his exact identity. At the present time one is such a good imitation of the other that Mr. Weekes is said to have suddenly met Mr. Seymour the other day in a committee-room, and to have adroitly jumped to one side, for fear of running into an imaginary looking-glass.

Messrs. Seymour and Weekes are nearly of the same height. They both wear cutaway coats and dark cravats. Each has a fairly high forehead, the altitude of which is apparently increased by an incipient baldness. There are also many other details of dress and habit, in which the one duplicates the other, but the characteristic which more than anything else serves to confuse the public at large and themselves in particular is the cut of their beards.

The Weekes-Seymour beard is trimmed in such a way as to convey the impression that the barber (for it is believed that both employ the same one) must at one time in his life have been a painter of the Flemish school. It is not an exact revival of the beard which the great

Flemish artist made famous as the Van Dyck, for it shows to a greater or less degree the influence of modern thought. It is more practical than the original Van Dyck beard, in so far that it endeavors here and there to cover over spots where the growth is thinner or of inferior quality.

Here is a good example of how Messrs. Weekes and Seymour are constantly confusing the public:

It so happened one evening, at the time of the convention of the State Bar Association, that Chief Engineer Bond chanced to see Mr. Seymour in the corridor of the Hotel Ten Eyck. Hastening across the room, he grasped Mr. Seymour's hand and exclaimed:

"Why, how are you, Weekes? You are looking better than I ever saw you."

Mr. Seymour smiled as if this was something of a compliment and said:

"Pardon me, Mr. Bond, my name is Seymour — Seymour, of New York."

The State Engineer excused himself, adroitly turned the subject of conversation to that of canal-boats, and finally excused himself.

Only two hours afterward, at a reception given at the Fort Orange Club, Mr. Bond was again talking about canal-boats and towpaths, when he espied a man with a Van Dyck beard entering the room. Hastily excusing

himself from those with whom he was talking, he turned to the newcomer and said eagerly:

"Why, hello, Weekes! Say, I want to tell you of how I got fooled only about two hours ago. It was the most ludicrous mistake I ever made. You know, I met that fellow Seymour, and I mistook him for you—you know, he is from down your way somewhere. Say, Weekes, how are you, any way?"

The man with a Van Dyck beard tried to smile, but, failing in the attempt, he said in a whisper:

"You will have to pardon me, but my name is Seymour—Seymour, of New York."

HOLDING UP A HIGHWAYMAN.

SENATOR WILLIAM W. ARMSTRONG, of Rochester, who represents the Forty-fourth Senate district, is looked upon by many of his colleagues in the upper house as a good judge of roads. Mr. Armstrong has made a special study of roadbeds, gutters, curbing, gravel and broken rock, and has also introduced several bills having for their purpose the improvement of the roads of the State. It thus happened that Senator Brackett, of Saratoga, after a debate the other day, in which he had objected to some road bill of the

Senator from Rochester, turned to his colleague and said:

"Sorry I had to object, but it was too good a chance."

"Why didn't you let it go?" asked the member from the Forty-fourth.

"If it had been anybody else I would," was the answer. "But it is not often a fellow has the chance to hold up a highway man."

THE FORESTRY COMMITTEE AND "GRAFTING."

ASSEMBLYMAN GHERARDI DAVIS, who has served three terms already as the representative of the Twenty-seventh Assembly district of New York, and who is regarded with feelings of awe by those members who innocently introduce "strike" bills and remain in blissful ignorance of it until they are suddenly told of the fact some Friday morning by the member from the Twenty-seventh, was made chairman of the Committee on Forestry this session by Speaker Nixon. That such an urbane member should be selected for a place requiring an acquaintance with rural and sylvan life has been a subject of considerable comment among the several up-State members who thought they had earned for themselves such a distinction.

It so happened one day that an overcurious up-State

man asked Mr. Davis how he happened to obtain the chairmanship of the Forestry Committee, and Mr. Davis said:

"I am sure I don't know. The only piece of forest that I have in my district is Bryant Park, and I cannot say that I am very thoroughly acquainted with the kind of trees there."

At this point a Tammany member chanced to come up, who had been considerably distressed on more than one occasion last year by Mr. Davis's attacks on certain of his bills which Mr. Davis believed were bad bills, and which he had written down in a small pocket memorandum-book, known by its owner as the "Gherardi Davis Strike Bill Book."

"It is queer that you should have the chairmanship of this committee," said the Tammany man.

"Very strange," repeated Mr. Davis.

"That's right," said the Tammany man. "It's very strange. I should think that they would have picked out a man for the Forestry Committee who could graft."

"Well," said the up-State member, who had hoped to get the chairmanship himself, "there won't be any more grafting now." And the Tammany man nodded with a still sadder expression.

"WHY SMITH DIDN'T LEAVE HOME."

AT THE BEGINNING of the session Otto Keiser, who is chairman of the Assembly Cities Committee, and who, in the opinion of the other members of the lower house, would be the Governor of the State if that office were ever to be chosen from the Assembly, and Messrs. Nixon and Aldis had both declined the honor, happened to be busy at his desk when a white-haired man addressed him by saying:

"Want to say how-to-do. How are you?"

Mr. Keiser looked up at this salutation and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Smith: glad you are back again, although we are never without a half dozen Smiths in the Assembly. It is hard work to get the initials of all of them straight. Let's see, yours are J. T., John T., Smith, of Dutchess?"

"That's right," said the white-haired man, "and you won't have so much trouble now, for there are only four Smiths here this year."

"Only four Smiths!" replied the chairman of the Cities Committee. "Well, that is comforting. Who are the four?"

"Why, there is James E. Smith, that Tammany fellow from New York," was the answer, "and Clarence W. Smith, of Fulton and Hamilton, and George H. Smith, of Monroe, and myself."

"And how is it that you haven't more Smiths here?" asked Mr. Kelsey after a moment of thought.

"I guess it is a case of 'why Smith didn't leave home,'" replied the white-haired man, as he started for the door.

GUYING EACH OTHER.

ASSEMBLYMAN SMITH AND SANDERS, of New York, who sit near each other in the chamber of the lower house, were watching Assemblyman Gardiner, of Rochester, the other morning, when Mr. Sanders said to his companion:

"Do you see that dreamy look on Gardiner's face? He must be thinking of home. I see that he has a bill on the calendar, and when it comes along I'll wake him up."

Ten minutes later the clerk had reached Mr. Gardiner's bill and read in a high-pitched, monotonous voice:

"By Mr. Gardiner, 256. An act to amend chapter 182 of the Laws of 1898, entitled 'An act for the government of cities of the second class, relative to city sealer.'"

"I move to strike out," shouted Mr. Sanders, even before the Speaker had recognized him.

Mr. Gardiner slowly rose to his feet as if he were

about to deliver a long prepared speech in behalf of his bill, when Mr. Sanders interrupted him in advance by saying:

“Objection withdrawn. I just wanted to get a rise out of the gentleman from Monroe.”

The next bill happened to be one introduced by Mr. Sanders, entitled “An act to incorporate the Federation of American Zionists.” Mr. Gardiner was immediately on his feet with the motion to strike out.

“This is a perfectly harmless bill,” began Mr. Sanders, as he smiled across the chamber at the member from Monroe. “It merely provides that — ”

“Objection withdrawn,” shouted Mr. Gardiner, without waiting for recognition. “It’s sometimes impossible to tell a harmless bill by its title.

And the bill was passed.

TRAMPS IN ONTARIO COUNTY.

AMONG the other bills which journeyed from one stage to another along the legislative highway this session was the Tramp bill of Assemblyman Jean Burnett, of Ontario county. This vagabond piece of legislation, naturally enough, got on much better than some of the silk-stockings measures of certain New York members, and, although only introduced on January

29th, it was advanced to third reading in the Assembly one week later. After passing the house the bill perished from cold and exposure in the Senate. The Burnett Tramp bill provided that in the county of Ontario tramps should be committed to the county jail instead of sent to the nearest penitentiary. When he was asked why it was desirable thus to keep the tramps at home, Mr. Burnett said:

"We need our tramps up there in Ontario county. You see we have the labor system of caring for the roads, and the more work we can get out of these fellows the better for the roads."

"You must have a good number of tramps up your way to make such legislation worth while," said Assemblyman Stevens, of Malone, who represents Franklin county in the lower house.

"There are. And all those who are not in the Legislature are tramping up and down our roads."

"Then you must be sure of a re-election," said a third member who happened to overhear the conversation.

MUCH SKUNK LEGISLATION.

THERE has been an unusual amount of skunk legislation in both houses of the Legislature this year.

Three skunk bills have been introduced which would not have awakened the legislators as to their presence, no doubt, as long as they were well locked up in committee. But one of the bills by managing to get loose went the length of the Senate and the Assembly, apparently because no one was willing to stop it.

The sponsors for the three bills are Senator Stranahan and Assemblymen Moran and Treat. The Stranahan bill is for the protection of the skunks of Oswego county. It is said in behalf of the measure that the skunks of Oswego county have not had a fair chance compared with the skunks of other counties in which there is a close season, and for that reason the Oswego skunks are compelled to keep on the move the year round.

The bill of Mr. Moran is also prompted by similar compassion for the skunks of Seneca and Onondaga counties. In these counties at the present time there is no close season for skunks, and their leisure is as ruthlessly disturbed as in Senator Stranahan's county.

The Treat bill is the most revolutionary measure in behalf of the skunks, inasmuch as it is intended to protect the skunks of the entire State. It also extends the close season for skunks to a period of eight months in

the year. According to Mr. Treat, who has studied the question with some thoroughness, the skunk ought to be left alone as much as eight months in the year, for the good both of the skunk and also of his constituents.

WHY GREEN WAS NOT ON THE COMMITTEE.

ALTHOUGH Prince Henry reached Albany on March 7th, the reception committee of the Legislature was appointed nearly a month in advance. Such an early appointment was the source of much conjecture, and a canvass made of the members of the committee resulted in finding almost as many varying beliefs as members.

For example, one believed that the conversation to be carried on with the Prince was to be in German, and that thus the American-born committeemen would have a chance to study up that language, so as to be able to say "Yah" and "Nein" at the right time. For the same reason the German members would be able to refresh their memories of native scenes, and thus lend a local coloring to their remarks.

The Senate contingent of the committee, which was appointed by Mr. Woodruff, with a mind, perhaps to the national character of the reception, was composed of Senators White, Brown, Wagner, Fuller and Rams-

perger. The Assemblymen, whom Speaker Nixon appeared to choose more from political and geographical reasons, were Assmblyman Allds, Palmer, Kelsey, Coughtry, Graeff, Schneider and Litthauer. Senator Wagner was, perhaps, the most enthusiastic over the occasion, and he was the first member of the joint committee to procure a Prince Henry badge.

It thus happened that Senator Brackett was having a talk one Wednesday morning with Senator Grady, after the session of the Senate, when Senator Wagner approached the two men.

On catching sight of the Kings county member, the statesman from Saratoga, out of respect to the honor which had been conferred upon Senator Wagner, in having been made one of the reception committee said:

"Goot morgen, mein lieber Herr Wagner; how gates it?"

"Ziemlich goot, mein lieber freund; vat doest zee tink von der Prince Henry committee?"

Senator Grady here interrupted this Teutonic pleasantry, by saying with that pained expression which he assumes at times:

"All jokes and German aside, Joseph, I see you are going to receive the Prince. Who are the other members of the committee?"

The Brooklyn Senator here shifted his weight to the

other leg, as if to give him a better command of the English language, and answered:

"Why, there are Senators White, Brown, Fuller, Ramsperger and myself."

"I guess that includes all the Germans of foreign and native birth, doesn't it, Joseph?" queried the Tammany leader with another pained look.

"All the Germans are on the committee, I believe," said the Brooklyn member. "But with White and Brown on, I don't think that Senator Green ought to have been left off."

"I do," said Senator Grady, with considerable emphasis. "There should be no Green on such a committee. I understand that the relations of Germany and England are already considerably strained."

WHERE HIS BEAUTY INCREASED.

SENATOR HENRY MARSHALL happened to be walking along one of the windy corridors of the Capitol the other evening, when, for some unknown reason or other, the electric lights were extinguished, leaving the hall in utter darkness. The power was soon turned on, however, and the Brooklyn Senator resumed his way. He had hardly taken more than half a dozen steps when the lights again went out.

STAYED AT THE SECOND FLOOR TILL DAWN, WHEN IT BECAME NECESSARY TO PROTECT HIMSELF, AND YOUNG WOMAN SEPARATED, WHO WENT DOWN TOWARDS THE FRONT OF THE CHURCH OF THE SENATE, CRIED OUT:

"Oh dear! Is this going to last all night?"

SENATOR MARSHALL REMEMBERED IT BE ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE SENATE CHAMBERS, AND WHEN, A MOMENT AFTER THE INCENSED ROOMS SUDDENLY BECAME BURNING, HE STOOD THERE AS IF DROPPED.

"Strange," HE SAID AS HE TURNED AT LAST TOWARDS THE SENATE CHAMBERS, "BUT MY BEAUTY ALWAYS INCREASES WITH THE DARKNESS."

PREFERRED PLAIN FOOD.

ASSEMBLYMEN RICHTER, DUROSS and DOOLING, of New York, who are Tammany men, and Assemblyman Patton, of Buffalo, who is a Republican, went into a restaurant at the foot of State street one night to have a dinner of wild duck and champagne. Assemblyman Richter had suggested the dinner in honor of the visit to this country of Prince Henry. After the four statesmen had seated themselves Assemblyman Dooling glanced over the bill of fare and then remarked to Assemblyman Duross, who sat opposite:

"Say, do you know this duck comes pretty high for

an honest politician. On sober second thought, too, I think that I ought not to have any champagne either. I can't afford it."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Richter, pulling out one of his own cigars that he had made himself and lighting it. "Most of these dishes are rather high for honest politicians. I think that I will give up the idea of duck altogether."

Assemblymen Duross and Patton looked at each other with somewhat of a disappointed look, and then Mr. Dooling said:

"Well, Richter, you order the dinner and we will abide by your decision."

"Well," said the representative of the Eighteenth district, which is said to contain more gas tanks than any other district in the State, after he had turned the bill of fare wrong side out several times, "I think that the proper dish for honest men like ourselves is corned beef and cabbage."

And instead of wild duck and champagne, Messrs. Richter, Dooling, Duross and Patton ate corned beef and cabbage.

THE "PONCE DE LEON" OF THE ASSEMBLY.

A SSEMBLYMAN ROBERT A. SNYDER, of Ulster county, who has served six years in the lower house and who is its oldest member, has come to be known as the "Ponce de Leon" of the Assembly. Mr. Snyder, however, unlike his namesake, has been fortunate enough to find the fabled fountain of youth.

When Mr. Snyder bade good-bye to his associates at the close of the session last spring he wore a beard, which reached nearly to his waist. It was snow white, and its abundant growth had earned him the name among the more jocular page boys of Rip Van Winkle.

On the opening day of this session a man, smooth shaven with the exception of a mustache, whose white hair seemed to have been caused either by sudden sorrow or some perfidious hair tonic, walked into the room of Speaker Nixon and, holding out his hand, exclaimed:

"Hello, Fred! How are you?"

Mr. Nixon drew back, not a little surprised, and then extended his hand in a cautious way, as if he was afraid of getting a gold brick in exchange.

The newcomer, perceiving the mystified expression on the Speaker's face, added promptly:

"Pardon me; I thought you knew me. At any rate, I want to make your acquaintance. I am that new

member from Ulster county, and I want to know if I can have the same places on the different committees that old man Snyder had last year.

"Old man Snyder!" exclaimed Mr. Nixon. "Why you don't succeed him, do you? Wasn't the old man re-elected?"

"Certainly," answered the young man with the white hair, as he twirled his mustache. "He was re-elected, and that is the very reason that I am here to succeed him."

The shadow darkened still more on the Speaker's face and then it suddenly gave way to a hearty laugh. Thereupon he said:

"Say, Snyder, just give me the address of that pond, won't you? You see, I may want to take a dip in it myself twenty years from now."

THE EXPLOSION HE MEANT.

SENATORS GRADY and GREEN happened to be seated in adjacent chairs in the barber shop of the Ten Eyck Hotel one Monday night, when the latter said, under a heap of soap suds:

"See you've had a terrible explosion down in New York."

"Yes," replied the Senator from New York with an

MAYOR KNIGHT'S GLAD HAND.

ASSEMBLYMAN COOK, of Erie county, was telling a little group in the corridor of the Hotel Ten Eyck, including Assemblymen O'Malley and Patton, of Erie, and Bennet, of New York, a few incidents of the last municipal campaign in Buffalo, which resulted in the election of Erastus C. Knight, the Republican candidate.

"You all know," said Mr. Cook, "what an approachable and affable man Mr. Knight is. Well, it was this fact that many of us tried to emphasize in the campaign; but one of our speakers, who was a German of more than ordinary parts, but whose mastery of the English language was not altogether perfect, once used this argument with almost boomerang results.

"One night in his efforts to tell the audience that in case Mr. Knight was elected any citizen might have ready access to him and obtain at all times a sympathetic response, he put it in a way which almost broke up the meeting.

"*'Freundts,'* said he, *'ven you elect Mr. Knight for de Mayor, all you vill get afterwards vill be a gladt handt.'*

"Well," added the Buffalo legislator, "it was a long time before we could overcome the effect of that *'glad hand'* speech."

FEARFUL OF WHITECAPS.

SENATOR THORNTON, of Monticello, who represents the Twenty-sixth Senate district of this State, found a notice on his desk recently which at first gave him the impression that his life was in danger. The notice on examination proved to be a pamphlet addressed to the Senator from some prominent citizen of the town of Norwich, but what especially startled the Senator were these inscriptions, which were written around the edge of the printed matter:

"Beware! We are on your track!"

"If you do not obey, we will hound you?"

"We must be heard!"

"At midnight we will call on you."

The Senator from the Twenty-sixth district puzzled his head over the threatening words and then, as his alarm grew greater, he called Senator Davis, of Buffalo, aside, and asked:

"What do you think of that, George?"

"Looks as if the Whitecaps were after you all right," was the reply, and then the Senator from Buffalo read aloud the pamphlet, which was to the effect that the Senator should withhold his approval from any bill pertaining to the town of Norwich until it had been granted a hearing. The letter was signed by E. D. Baker.

"Who's this man Baker?" asked Senator Davis, after reading the written threats around the edge of the paper.

"Don't know," was the answer, "unless it be the chief magistrate."

"Is Norwich in your district?"

"Guess it is, but I have not heard of any such iniquitous legislation," said Senator Thornton.

"The town has evidently been badly treated," said the man from Buffalo.

"Not half so bad as I will be if these Whitecaps get me," said the man from Monticello.

Then, as the face of Senator Davis grew longer, Senator Thornton said:

"Although I have a faint suspicion that some fellow-member around here wrote this Whitecap business, I'll see that Norwich has a hearing."

"Better be on the safe side at your age," was the answer.

Since that time it is said that the Senator from Monticello has rarely been out unattended after dark.

SPORT ON LONG ISLAND.

AT a hearing on Senator Cocks's bill, limiting the speed of automobiles, there was a lively tilt between the Senator and A. R. Shattuck, president of the Automobile Club of America, which showed the Senator's reasons for living on Long Island.

After the Senator had finished speaking in support of the bill, Mr. Shattuck said:

"But why, Senator, do you distinguish against automobiles? I have seen men driving horses at a 2:05 clip along your roads. Why don't you go after them?"

"Very true," said the Quaker Senator. "Some drive their horses very fast, and we have fox hunting down our way, and the dogs and horses raise such a dust you can't tell them from automobiles. But we can't catch them all at once, so we are going to round up the automobiles first."

"You have a great deal of sport in your part of the country, don't you?" interrupted Mr. Shattuck.

"Yes," said the Senator, "between the automobiles, the dogs, the foxes, and the horses, life on Long Island is by no means monotonous."

PENDRY AND HIS "LITTLE CORPORAL."

ASSSEMBLYMAN WILLIAM H. PENDRY, of Kings county, has attracted no end of attention in the lower house this session because of his messenger, who is said to be the shortest man ever seen inside the State Capitol. Henry C. Albrecht is his name, and although thirty-six years old he is only four feet and one inch in height. Beside Mr. Pendry, as the two walk down the street, Henry's head is on a level with the Assemblyman's hip pocket, and when Mr. Pendry is sitting at his desk in the Assembly Chamber and Henry stands beside him, the latter just comes up to the shoulder of the member from the Twentieth district of Kings.

But, although Henry is by all odds the smallest man in the Assembly, he is none the less esteemed by the Kings county Assemblyman and by others who have chanced to make his acquaintance. When there is a bill wanted to add to Mr. Pendry's file, or a glass of water to bring from the big copper cistern at the end of the room, Henry is only too willing to go on the mission, and he dodges out and in and under the crowds that clog the aisles with a rapidity of motion which is little short of marvelous.

When Ambassador Cambon visited the Assembly and was presented to the different members by Speaker

Nixon, one in the line to shake the Ambassador's hand was Mr. Pendry. Beside him was Henry, his "fidus Achates." After Mr. Cambon had grasped Mr. Pendry's hand he reached down to greet the little messenger and said in the best of English, "So this is the 'Little Corporal.'" Since that time the name of "Little Corporal" has stuck.

HE COULD HANDLE LIVE STOCK.

ASSEMBLYMAN JAMES MCKINLEY GRAEFF, the representative of Essex county, was counting over in his mind's eye one day his herds of registered Guernsey cattle, when Speaker Nixon called upon him to take the chair. A long debate on the Pennsylvania Tunnel bill had just come to a close, and as the head of the Westport Creamery took up the gavel, Mr. Allds, of Chenango, the shepherd of the Republican flock, moved a call of the house for the purpose of finding if possible any stray G. O. P. lambs.

Mr. Graeff is the owner of nine or more farms in his district, and he was looking down on the stretch of faces below much as he would take a survey of his broad acres, when Assemblyman James E. Smith, the Tammany representative of the Fifteenth Assembly district,

New York, whispered to his friend, James J. McInerney, of Kings county:

"I wonder if Graeff knows the rules well enough not to get rattled at a point of order."

"Try him and see," was Mr. McInerney's advice.

With this encouragement Mr. Smith sprang to his feet and drowned out the voice of the clerk who was calling the roll of absentees, by saying:

"I rise to a point of order. I want to —"

"Nothing is in order during a call of the house," shouted the Essex county stock-raiser, as he brought down the gavel.

As Mr. Smith took his seat and Mr. McInerney was indulging in a laugh, Mr. McKeown, who prides himself on never having made a mistake in his life as far as parliamentary questions are concerned, remarked as he passed by:

"Say, Smith, Graeff was right on that. He can handle live stock in Albany as well as Essex county."

There were no further interruptions.

ONE WAY TO GET REVENGE.

ASSEMBLYMEN FINCH and COLBY, who represent respectively the Fifth and Twenty-ninth Assembly districts of New York, were engaged in a hot debate one cold day in February on a bill amending the Code of Civil Procedure. As the measure dealt with an involved legal question, all the lay members of the Assembly were attempting to make their escape to the lobby.

Mr. Colby was the introducer of the bill, and unlike certain members who introduce bills merely to lay them aside, the member from the Twenty-ninth district urged the passage of the measure and dilated upon the merits of its provisions.

Mr. Finch, for some reason or other, opposed the bill with great vehemence and kept shaking a large legal document in his hand and grinding his incisors after a manner which no one except a resident of the Fifth district is said to be able to imitate.

Following Mr. Colby and Mr. Finch, other New York city lawyers took turns, and the legal points became so minutely dissected that not even Dr. Fisher, the Assemblyman from Cattaraugus county, could have found a bacillus small enough to crawl between them. And as the members who had had no legal training fell into an ever-deepening slumber, such members as Assembly-

men Davis, J. A. Allen, Duross, Sanders, James E. Smith, Fitzgerald and Bennet harangued on the bill at still greater length.

The slumber of the laymen was just about complete when it was suddenly broken by a shout from Assemblyman Ahern, of Troy, who occupies the extreme left-hand seat. Assemblyman Grady, a lawyer member, who represents the Thirty-fifth district, of New York, happened to be debating the bill when Mr. Ahern cried:

"Louder, louder. I want to hear this debate; this is too rich to miss."

Assemblymen Townsend, Reeve and Hughes, who are neighbors of the Troy member, had hardly recovered from the shock of his voice, when he said in a lower tone:

"I just wanted to get back at Grady. He tried to make fun of my actor's bill before the General Laws Committee yesterday, and I thought I'd get even."

Such a laugh went up that Mr. Grady soon brought his sentences to a close, and Mr. Ahern had his revenge.

THE SENIOR AND JUNIOR SENATORS.

THE senior and junior members of the Senate are respectively Hobart Krum, of Schoharie, and Nathaniel A. Elsberg, of New York. The former is sixty-nine years old and the latter is thirty. The birthdays of both men come in January and are just a week apart, for the anniversary of the birth of the Schoharie Senator comes on January 12th, while that of his young colleague from the metropolis occurs on January 5th.

Senator Krum is now serving his seventh, and, according to remarks which he often lets fall in conversation with intimate friends, his last year in the upper house. But the Senator from Schoharie has been threatening, after the fashion of the most popular actors and other public entertainers, a "last performance" for several years, only to excuse his return after the next election by saying:

"Well, I had to run again."

Both Senators are members of the Senate Judiciary Committee, over which Senator Brackett presides. Because there are only two Republican Senators from Manhattan and the Bronx, namely, Senators Elsberg and Slater, each is burdened down with a large amount of legislation which is referred to this committee. Consequently, Senator Elsberg often rises in his seat

at a meeting of the committee and asks for favorable action on some one of his measures.

It happened one day that he asked for the favorable report on a half dozen or more bills, and just as he was taking his seat, he exclaimed:

"Pardon me, I forgot. There is still another bill of mine here which I would call to the attention of the committee. It relates —"

"Wait," interrupted Senator Krum, as he ran his fingers through his file of bills. "I suppose the bill is all right, but I want to see its exact provisions."

"There need be no fear," said Senator Elsberg, "out of respect for the Senator from Schoharie, I would not introduce a bad bill." At this the senior Senator pushed the file of bills away from him, took his glasses from his nose, recrossed his legs, and said:

"I only wish certain older members were as considerate," whereupon he voted to report the bills.

COTTON SAW THE FISH.

CHARLES H. COTTON'S reputation for truthfulness has been still further strengthened by a story which he told this session to some of his fellow-Assemblymen from Brooklyn, the Tuesday that the spring flood was at its highest.

Mr. Cotton was surrounded by a group of members who had chanced to gather after the close of the session around the seat of Assemblyman Weber. Among other Brooklyn members in the little circle were Messrs. Remsen, Langhorst, Ash and Manee. All listened attentively to the story which Mr. Cotton told as follows:

"Because of the flood I did not reach the Stanwix Hotel, where I have my room, until two o'clock this morning. The waters had risen within two feet of the floor and had almost completely submerged the side steps of the hotel in Maiden Lane.

"Well, I looked over the situation, and having decided that the water would not carry me out to the sea during the night, I started for my room. I was just going up the stairs when I noticed considerable commotion in the corridor and saw the porter run out to the side door. There was something floundering out there on the steps, which I first thought might be a man drowning. The porter reached down quickly into the

water and the next minute he hauled up a huge fish."

"Impossible," exclaimed an Adirondack member, who happened to be passing by.

"It was a fact," replied Mr. Cotton with considerable spirit. "The porter had fished out a carp more than a foot long. It was afterward served up with drawn butter gravy in the dining-room."

Some of the members from Erie county who had overheard the story looked at each other dubiously, when Mr. Remsen, who because of his long residence in the suburbs of Brooklyn, has been called by some of the up-State members, "Farmer Remsen," asked quietly:

"But, did you see the fish yourself, Cotton?"

"Saw it as much as I see you now," was the quick reply.

"Then it must be true," broke in Assemblyman Weber, and the other Brooklynites nodded their heads in silent assent.

BISHOP DOANE AND HIS BIG ST. BERNARD.

NO dogs are admitted to the Executive Chamber of Governor Odell, except one. That dog is Cluny, and the Right Rev. William Croswell Doane, Bishop of Albany, is his master. Cluny is a huge, short-haired St. Bernard, and his ancestry can be traced back to the beginning of the last century.

Cluny has thus become a familiar sight in the halls of the Capitol, as he follows his master about or sits in a corner guarding the Bishop's hat on occasions when the head of the Albany Diocese is addressing some committee at a hearing or is listening to the debate on some bill in which he is vitally interested.

At home Cluny's favorite place is a black fur rug which is stretched before the fireplace of the Bishop's study. When his master is in the house the dog sleeps most of the time, and on being awakened grunts with such a loud sound that strangers mistake it for a growl.

It thus happened the other day that a friend who had happened to call on the Bishop, on entering the study where the dog lay at full length on the floor, caused the dog to grunt so deeply that the Bishop said: "Poor Cluny. He makes that heavy sound because he is getting old. Cluny and I are both getting well along in years; I shall be seventy years old next Sunday, March 2, and Cluny will be ten years old the middle of

the month. Both of us have now lived the natural span. But Cluny, I fear, is growing older faster than I. He sleeps most of the day."

"But how is it that the dog is admitted to the Executive Chamber when all other members of the canine family are so religiously excluded?" asked the visitor.

"Well, you see Cluny's grandmother, Dutchess, belonged to Governor Tilden, so I suppose," replied the Bishop, "he has the right by inheritance."

CULLINAN'S CURIO BOX AND CLAM.

THERE are thousands of persons in this State who evidently look upon Excise Commissioner Patrick W. Cullinan as a sort of Great Spirit, in whom is vested the combined powers of the Governor, the Supreme Court, the National Guard and the police. There are also a great many who regard him as a kind of commissioner in clairvoyancy, able to accomplish even supernatural deeds. Others come to him as they might to a priest at confessional, and through the medium of the mail they tell him of domestic afflictions caused by drink, and implore him to help and save them.

Some of the letters which the Commissioner receives almost every day are ridiculous in the questions they

ask or the suggestions they make for the management of the department. Accordingly, the Commissioner keeps what he calls a "curio box," into which he drops whatever letters which may strike his fancy because of drollery or some unique characteristic. Occasionally, when Senator Raines, the author of the law on which the Excise Department is based, drops in to see the Commissioner, the latter takes down his "curio box" and reads a few "new ones" that may have come in recently. The big-framed Senator from Ontario county lays his big slouched hat on the Commissioner's desk and listens with hardly a change of expression.

Here is one curio for example:

"GROTON, NEW YORK.

"DEAR COMMISSIONER.— If you will kindly answer one more question concerning the sale of intoxicating liquors in this no-license town, I will be much obliged. For instance, when something is unloaded here nights after the electric lights are out, have we a right to seize such a load while being unloaded to prove if possible the sale of intoxicating beverages? As our present constables would be likely to give us away beforehand, how could we proceed, if at all?

Yours, the Rev. ——."

Ever since William Travers Jerome advocated an open saloon law on Sundays the office of the Commissioner

has been overrun with all kinds of visitors curious to know what Mr. Cullinan thought about the subject. These callers not only took up a great deal of the Commissioner's time, but they also did not tend to improve his reputation for patience and good-nature. After the election of the fusion ticket, and Mr. Jerome's speech at Rochester still more strongly advocating a liberalization of the Sunday Excise Law, the crowd increased in Mr. Cullinan's office. At last in desperation he called on Louis W. Hines, the State Architect.

"I want to have you draw me a picture to hang up on the wall of my office, so that it will be in plain sight of everybody who comes in," explained the Excise Commissioner.

"A picture of Senator Raines?" queried Mr. Hines thoughtfully.

"Not exactly," was the answer. "No, I want the picture of a clam."

Mr. Hines painted the clam, and it now hangs in the Excise Commissioner's office. Whenever any one now comes in and asks him about Sunday opening Mr. Cullinan simply points to the picture on the wall.

THE LORDS AND THE COMMONERS.

THE casual visitor to the Capitol spends an hour or more in the Senate and Assembly chambers, listens to the debate, if there be one, or the mumble of the clerk, as bill after bill is passed to which there is no opposition, and then taking a squint at the Executive Chamber, where Governor Odell may be found perchance in conversation with some delegation of citizens from New York city, he goes away with the full conviction that he knows how the laws of the State are made. If the truth be told, however, such a visitor might have spent a month within these legislative halls and yet have failed to have seen more than the dial and hands of the clock of state.

If one, therefore, desires to see the inner side of the legislative life of Albany he must needs gain entrance to two other branches of the State Legislature, which have come to be called the "House of Lords" and the "House of Commons." The first is composed of Senators and the latter of Assemblymen, who constitute the steering committees of their respective houses of the Legislature. These men live and eat together, and it is over their breakfast table or in the quiet of their library that the most important affairs of state are considered and formulated.

The present "House of Lords" is made up of Senator

Ellsworth, president of the Senate; Senator Stranahan, chairman of the Cities Committee; Senator Higgins, chairman of the Finance Committee; Senator Krum, chairman of the Committee on Taxation and Retrenchment, and of Excise; Senator Humphrey, chairman of the Committee on Banks; Senator White, chairman of the Committee on Education, and Frederick D. Kilburn, State Superintendent of Banks.

It can thus be seen that the major part of important legislation is referred to those committees whose chairmen live in the "House of Lords," and since these Senators are also members of other committees, the "House of Lords" has, as it were, under its thumb, the whole pulse of the Legislature.

The "House of Lords," which was established seven years ago and which has been located in different places, now has its home in what is known as the Sweeney House, at No. 5 Elk street. The furnishings of the house are elegant, in spite of which its "inmates," as Senator Higgins calls them, are found to be at bottom a very democratic lot. It is said that the only member of the household who feels its aristocracy is Edward, the butler, who has the bearing of the seneschal of some baronial hall. But when off duty Edward, too, becomes as democratic as the rest, and simply signs his name "Edward Ryan."

The "House of Commons," at No. 125 State street,

which consists of representatives from the more popular branch of the Legislature, but which, in the language of one new member from an up-State county, "feels its oats" more than the "House of Lords," is presided over by the benign S. Fred. Nixon, Speaker of the Assembly. With Mr. Nixon are associated Assemblymen Jotham P. Allds, leader of the Republican majority in the lower house and chairman of the Ways and Means Committee; Otto Kelsey, chairman of the Cities Committee; James T. Rogers, chairman of the Judiciary Committee; John Hill Morgan, chairman of the Committee on Taxation and Retrenchment; Julius H. Seymour and Albert T. Fancher. Besides these seven legislators, the "House of Commons" includes James G. Graham, the private secretary of the Governor, and Theodore P. Gilman, Deputy State Comptroller. It so happens that Mr. Gilman is the business manager of the establishment, an experience which some of his associates jocosely say "helps him" in his duties in the Comptroller's office.

The Speaker sits at the head of the table, and the leader at the foot; and it often happens that as a result of repartee between the head and the foot the relative positions of the two are vindicated. If Assemblyman Kelsey smiles at a joke it is generally considered fairly humorous, but no joke is regarded as positively witty unless it can also tempt a smile from the face of John

Hill Morgan, of Kings. Mr. Morgan, who introduced the Ramapo legislation last year, has been known during certain drouths of humor to go without a smile for a week together, and at one time he is said to have refused to smile at any joke which did not concern the subject of water.

It often happens that members of the "House of Commons" bring their families to Albany because of some social or official function. Then the bachelor table takes on a more domestic look. And even Assemblyman Morgan forgets himself and smiles when Dorothy Nixon, the Speaker's little daughter, leans on her father's arm as he sits at the head of the breakfast table and asks: "Papa, why didn't Mr. Morgan grow more?"

Both the "House of Lords" and the "House of Commons" trace their names to a remark made by Elihu Root, Secretary of War. Mr. Root was in Albany to attend a hearing on some bill, and when invited to dinner at the home of a friend he replied: "Sorry, but I've promised to take dinner at — well — I guess I might call it the 'House of Lords.'"

From that time to this the little coterie of Senators has kept this name, and when several prominent Assemblymen, under the leadership of Mr. Nixon four years ago, took up the custom of living together they were dubbed the "House of Commons."

TOO GOOD A MAN FOR THE CAPITAL.

SENATOR ARMSTRONG, of Rochester, happened to meet Commissioner Wieting, head of the Department of Agriculture, one Thursday in the Senate, and said:

"I wish you would take care of my friend from Rochester. You won't find it a hard job, as the man does not drink, swear, steal or smoke. In truth, he is a typical citizen of Rochester."

Commissioner Wieting, to whom had been intrusted the Senator's friend, hesitated a moment, and then he said:

"It is indeed a pity that he should come to such a city as Albany; but I will try to take care of him, Senator."

HELD THE ARM AS SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.

JAMES G. GRAHAM, the secretary of Governor Odell, occasionally makes his appearance in the well of the Senate or Assembly chambers with one or more pasteboard packages tied with a blue ribbon. The sight of the ribbon immediately warns the members that a veto message has arrived, and a moment later the ribbon is tied in the button-hole of that unfortunate legislator whose bill has incurred executive disapproval.

As a rule the secretary is led to the bar of the house in the Assembly by the sergeant-at-arms, F. J. Johnston, but it so happened one morning that Mr. Johnston was in pursuit of some absentees, and the duty of escort fell upon Jacob Kemple, the chief doorkeeper, and a life member of the "Amen Corner" of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. Realizing his high duty, Mr. Kemple held on to the secretary's arm with a powerful grip.

Mr. Graham delivered his message with his usual smile, but when he turned to leave he was again held by the strong arm of the doorkeeper. The secretary endeavored diplomatically to break loose by trying to thrust his hand into a side-pocket. This, however, proved futile, for the member of the "Amen Corner" immediately brought his full weight of 214 pounds to

bear. Indeed, Mr. Graham was just on the point of receiving a permanent kink in the spine, when the two men reached the door and the doorkeeper let go.

As Mr. Kemple returned to his position at the head of the center aisle, one of the Tammany members said with a smile:

"It's a wonder you didn't break the secretary's arm. Why did you hold on like that?"

Mr. Kemple looked at the anchor which is tattooed on his right hand, and then said, with much gravity, and with a rising inflection: "Certainly, I held on to his arm. I was acting sergeant-at-arms, wasn't I?" This so staggered the crowd which had collected that no one ventured to extend the controversy.

THE TALE OF DOG LEGISLATION.

THERE has been considerable rivalry between certain members of the Assembly this year over dog legislation. Assemblyman Kelsey, of Livingston, Reeve, of Suffolk, and Platt, of Steuben, have all introduced dog bills. Mr. Kelsey, in support of his measure, believes that dogs should wear tags as at present, but that the county supervisors should be allowed to change the license fee for dogs if they so

choose. Mr. Reeve, on the other hand, believes that dog tags should be abolished, and that, instead, owners of dogs should procure certificates. In the language of the bill, the certificate "shall certify the name, age, sex and give an accurate description of the dog." The owner shall then file the certificate with the town clerk.

Assemblyman Platt, whose home is in Painted Post, has a bill which holds the owners of dogs liable for the killing of Angora goats. There is considerable dog legislation every year, but the dog bills this year, because of their greater number over last year, are believed by the dog experts of the Legislature to show that the number of dogs in the State is on the increase. Two years ago only one dog bill was introduced. The sponsor of the bill was James G. Graham, the present secretary of Governor Odell, who was at that time an Assemblyman from Orange county. This bill was to prohibit the barking of dogs by night.

WHY HE WOULD USE OLD LITHOGRAPHS.

AT a hearing which was held before the Assembly Committee on Taxation and Retrenchment, over which John Hill Morgan, of Kings, presides, Senator Arthur J. Auden, who is connected with a lithographic supply company, appeared against the Poster Tax bill of Assemblyman Landon, of Dutchess county. The Senator from the Fourth Senate district said that if the bill became a law, and posters were taxed at the rate of one cent for every two square feet, it would work a hardship to the lithographing trade. As the Senator turned to leave the room, however, Mr. Landon, who is a member of the committee, called him back by saying:

"But would you not be in favor of the bill if it exempted the lithographic portraits of political candidates?"

"I am afraid not," was the answer. "At any rate, such an exemption would not help me. If I should run again for re-election I would use the same lithograph that I had in 1894, when I ran for the Assembly."

"How's that, Senator?" asked another member of the committee, as he surveyed the smiling face of the Brooklyn legislator.

"Well, you see," replied the Kings county member, after a moment of hesitation, as he passed his hand over his scalp, "you see, I didn't have such a wide part then."

GOVERNOR ODELL'S "GERMAN" SPEECH.

G OVERNOR ODELL'S command of the German language was forcibly brought out the night before Prince Henry's arrival in Albany, when one of his friends asked him in a joking way:

"I hear that you are going to make a speech in German when the Prince comes. Is that right?"

"You ask that," replied the Governor, "as if I could not speak German. Now, I want you to understand that you are mistaken. I once made a speech in German shortly after my election, in Newburg, and every one who heard it said it was a good speech."

"Then why don't you repeat it for the Prince?" asked the friend, who was somewhat taken aback by the Governor's statement.

"Well, I do not know how he would like it. I'll tell you how it happened. I was serenaded by the German Männerchor of my city, and, as I had expected that it was coming, I studied up, with the use of several German grammars and lexicons. After the music of the serenade was over I made my speech, and as I spoke the last sentence the crowd almost broke my eardrums with their applause. They shouted: 'Good speech!' 'Bully boy!' 'You're all right!' and so on.

"Well, I went to bed that night with the satisfaction of believing that I had made a great speech. And I

felt particularly proud because it was my first attempt in German.

"I suppose I would have gone on thinking so to this day if I hadn't chanced the next morning to sit at a table at the hotel near a couple of Germans, one of whom was at the serenade the night before. They didn't see me, and they were talking about the serenade. I couldn't help hearing what they said, and it went something like this:

" 'That was a great speech of the Governor's last night,' said one.

" 'Did you go?' said the other.

" 'I was there all right, and I can tell you you missed something great. That speech was worth going a hundred miles to hear.'

" 'I was just going to congratulate myself again,' said the Governor, "when the other man said:

" 'That's strange; I didn't know it was to be a German speech.'

" 'It wasn't a German speech,' said the other, 'it was a Weber and Field's speech.'

"Then," said the Governor, in a somewhat lower voice, "I was glad they didn't see me."



CAPITOL STUDIES

BY

LEGISLATIVE SESSION OF 1903

BY

F. SEVERANCE JOHNSON

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CAPITOL STORIES.

PLUNKITT "LEARNS" HOW TO PLAY HEARTS.

SENATOR GEORGE W. PLUNKITT, of the Seventeenth district, New York, finds a few deluded persons occasionally who try to teach him something. These people never attempt to repeat the experiment, and for this reason the Tammany Senator has acquired a reputation for wisdom which even Senator Grady is bound to respect.

The Senator from the Seventeenth district relates an experience every day of how some foolish-minded person tried to teach him something, and how disastrously the attempt failed.

"Well, well," he said one night, as he joined a Tammany group in the Hotel Ten Eyck, and, seeing Senators Grady and Martin together, he slapped both on the back.

"Have you learned anything yet?" remarked Senator Grady, as he winked at Senator Martin.

"Learned anything?" chuckled the Senator from the Seventeenth. "Say, I met a crowd coming up on the train only this afternoon, and one fellow wanted me to play hearts.

"'Hearts,' said I, 'is a game I have never learned to play.'

“‘Oh, we can teach you,’ said one chap, and so I sat down to the table.”

“Did you learn the game?” asked Senator Martin, winking at Senator Grady.

“Learn it!” replied the member from the Seventeenth. “No, I didn’t learn the game, but I guess those fellows won’t try to teach me again,” and, plunging his hand into his pockets he drew out a glittering heap of dimes, quarters and fifty-cent pieces, with a dozen or more bills of green and yellow color.

THE SNORER AND THE FOLDING-BED.

ASSEMBLYMEN RICHTER, DOOLING AND SHERRY, of New York, and Bullwinkel, of Kings county, all live together, at No. 85 Columbia street. All are Democrats and close friends, despite their politics. Bullwinkel and Richter sleep in single beds, while Dooling and Sherry share a large folding-bed.

All went happily as is possible for Democrats, with only occasional outbreaks and discussions on the subject of free silver or free trade, until some one made the charge that Assemblyman Bullwinkel snored. The member from Kings tried sleeping on his right side, and then on his left, to accommodate his room-mates, but when the charge was not withdrawn he vowed vengeance. Accordingly, he took Assemblyman Rich-

ter into his confidence, and one morning, when both Sherry and Dooling were still fast asleep, he shut up the folding-bed.

There was a smothered series of yells from the depths of the mattress, sheets, blankets and pillows, and then suddenly the sounds ceased. Bullwinkel grabbed the footboard and tried to pull it down, but it stuck like a car window. Richter threw his 138 pounds into the scale, but they had not the slightest effect.

"They'll die if we can't open that up," gasped Bullwinkel.

"They're d-d-d-dead already," stammered Richter.

With all the strength they could muster the two men took a heave and a pull together, and the bed gave up its prisoners.

The inmates, however, were by no means dead, and there might have been special elections for two vacancies in the lower house had not Assemblyman Bullwinkel averted the impending storm by saying:

"Here, don't kill me. I'll tell you how it happened. I woke up with a start a few minutes ago, and found that it was Sherry. He was snoring loud enough to spring a leak in the roof.

"I opened the window," continued Bullwinkel, "to let some of the noise out, and the air that came in was so like spring, it shut up the bed."

Mr. Bullwinkel is now sleeping on his right side.

ROGERS BEFRIENDS A PHOTOGRAPHER.

A PHOTOGRAPHER took a picture of the Assembly the other day under circumstances which might have discouraged even a lobbyist. When the camera man had slid the ground glass of his instrument back and forward for some time, and had at last obtained a focus, Speaker Nixon announced a recess for the exposure of the plate.

Such dictatorial action on the part of Mr. Nixon was immediately resented by Mr. Palmer, of Schoharie, the leader of the Democrats, and a man who tries to enjoy the full benefits of a free country. The Schoharie county statesman, after a conference with his lieutenants, determined that Mr. Nixon had overreached himself in the exercise of his authority, and protested. Mr. Palmer said, furthermore, that a motion was necessary from some member of the Assembly before a recess could be had.

At this Mr. Rogers, the ponderous leader of the Republican contingent, rose and said:

"I beg to differ with Mr. Palmer. I think that he committed an egregious blunder. A motion would spoil the picture."

"DEMOCRATS HAD THE RAINES."

IT was after the debate on the Elmira Election bill, which the Democrats, with the aid of Senators Brown, Brackett and Elsberg, had succeeded in sending back to the committee, that Senator Grady happened to say to Senator Green, who sits across the aisle:

"Well, you Republicans are having a hard time of it this session."

The Senator from Binghamton smiled at the Tammany member, and answered:

"That's all right. Senator Raines is a leader who is bound to succeed. He will bring the bolters into line. You're helpless in your minority."

"Don't know about that," said the New Yorker with a yawn. "Seems to me the Democrats had the Raines just now."

LANDON COMES TO GRAEFF.

EVER since the Canal bill was introduced George F. Graeff, the Assemblyman from Essex county, who prides himself on his fine stock of registered cattle, has been trying to convert the Legislature into thinking that the Georgian Bay Ship Canal was more important than any other proposed waterway. Mr.

Graeff takes the plans of his canal around with him, and even should a friend invite him to take a glass of water he will immediately unfold the plans of his canal.

It happened one day that Mr. Graeff was waiting in one of the big chairs of the Executive chamber for an audience with Governor Odell, when Assemblyman Francis G. Landon, of Dutchess county, came in at a brisk walk. Mr. Landon had some time before this stirred up the Assembly by wanting to know whether legislators had any right to travel in Pullman cars without paying their fares.

"Well," remarked Mr. Landon, "this is wet weather, isn't it?"

"Did you say wet?" inquired the Essex county member, drawing out the plans of his canal. "Have you seen the route of the Georgian Bay Ship Canal?"

"Never had the pleasure," was the reply. "So it's for ships, is it?"

"That's it, for ships. And after it is in operation passes are to issue to all legislators and members of the Seventh Regiment."

Mr. Landon never talks about anything wet now.

HOW McCARTHY BECAME A HERO.

THERE is one member of the Assembly this year who made a special study of the works of Jefferson and Jackson, as well as all the histories he could find on the expansion of the Republic and the contraction of the Democratic party. This Assemblyman is Eugene J. McCarthy, of the Twenty-third Assembly district, New York.

But Mr. McCarthy takes still more pride in the fact that he is an expert bicycle rider. Although the two accomplishments do not seem at first glance to be much akin, they are closely associated in the career of Mr. McCarthy. After probing into the diplomacy of Jefferson, Mr. McCarthy finds himself remarkably clever in performing bicycle tricks.

Further evidence of how his bicycle training has been of good stead in the life of Mr. McCarthy is to be seen in the following paragraph, which is reprinted from a campaign sketch of the present representative of the Twenty-third district:

“Eugene J. McCarthy early became an expert wheelman, and in 1897 he made a tour through Europe as one of the ten most popular cyclists in America. During the trip Mr. McCarthy saved the life of a companion. On a down grade a Mr. Schumann lost control of his wheel and dashed within twelve feet of a

deep embankment. Instantly Mr. McCarthy, at the peril of his life, was at the side of his companion, and with an herculean effort he threw him off the machine, which the next second crashed pellmell down into a yawning chasm. That act of cool daring made Mr. McCarthy a hero, admired by wheelmen all over the world."

Mr. McCarthy comes from the district which contains Morningside Heights, and it is said that the wheelmen who ride along the top of this precipice were chiefly instrumental in electing the Democratic candidate.

THE HOODOO OF NO. 6.

IT has come to be a tradition that Seat No. 6 in the Assembly is hoodooed. No. 6 is in the bottom of the well of the chamber, and if one did not know the shadow that hangs over it he might pick out this seat in preference to all others. There are in all twelve chairs in the first row, ranged in a semicircle, with the center aisle between Nos. 6 and 7. For this reason No. 6 is easy of access, or, if necessary, easy to escape from for the man who desires at times to dodge a roll-call.

For many years the occupant of No. 6 has never been returned to the Legislature. He has always met with defeat at the polls as a candidate for re-election, or in some other way he has been overtaken with political

humiliation. Despite all efforts to escape the fate which seems to attend him who sits here, the ban has not yet been removed.

J. Mayhew Wainwright, the Assemblyman from the Second district of Westchester county, is the present occupant of No. 6. Shortly after his election Mr. Wainwright was thrown from his carriage in a runaway.

"For this reason," said Mr. Wainwright yesterday, "I feel that I have already satisfied the spirit of the place. I cannot believe that the genius of No. 6 is so insatiable as also to demand political catastrophe."

Robert Mazet occupied No. 6 in 1899, and in the following fall he was defeated for re-election in the Nineteenth district by Perez M. Stewart. In 1900 No. 6 was held by Edward H. Fallows, the representative of the Twenty-first Assembly district, New York, who took a prominent part in the session of that year. Mr. Fallows, however, joined his fortunes with those of the Austin faction, and went down to defeat before the victorious leadership of Abraham Gruber, who secured the election of William S. Bennet. Eugene F. Vacheron, of Queens, sat in No. 6 during the session of 1901, and Mr. Vacheron was defeated for re-election by Francis X. Duer, the Democratic candidate. Last year the fated chair was occupied by William Schneider, of the Fourth district of Erie county. Mr. Schneider was defeated in his efforts to secure an election to the Senate.

GLEASON'S "PARADISE LOST."

THE members of the Senate one day thought they were going to hear a recitation from Milton, by Lafayette Gleason, the assistant clerk of the upper house. It was at the election of the doorkeeper. There were two nominations, made respectively by the Republicans and Democrats in caucus. The Republican candidate was John Gorse, of Tonawanda, and the Democrat was George A. Paradise, also of Erie county.

The vote on the nominations was, of course, a mere formality, as it was simply a case of the majority turning down the minority. Thereupon Mr. Gleason said, after announcing the number of ballots for each:

"Paradise Lost."

HORNIDGE WAS TOO WISE.

THERE is one member of the Assembly this year whose vocabulary was once too profound for a constituent. This Assemblyman is William H. Hornidge, the Democratic representative of the Twenty-second district, New York. Although the occurrence took place in 1889, nevertheless his friends spring the story every once in a while in this century, to show how wise Mr. Hornidge may be. .

In that year there was a bill pending in the interest of the German bakers of New York city. It amended the early-closing hour so that it would prevent the early distribution of bread on Sunday mornings, and thus give the bakers a chance to have the first day of the week as a day of rest.

As originally introduced, however, the measure was too sweeping, and, if passed, it would have affected other trades, and would even have prevented the milkmen from peddling their milk on Sunday morning. Mr. Hornidge opposed the bill for this reason; but when George F. Roesch, of the Tenth Assembly district, who was earnestly desirous of passing the bill, agreed to a proper amendment, the representative of the Twenty-second moved to add a few words to confine the measure simply to bakers. This addition read as follows:

“Except products made from cereals.”

The bill came up in its amended form, but failed to pass. Both Mr. Roesch and Mr. Hornidge tried to scare up a majority of votes, but the bill died from “lack of nourishment.” After the session, as Mr. Hornidge was sitting in the lobby, a German baker rolled up to him and exclaimed:

“Herr Hornidsch, vy did you do seech a voolish ting?”

“That amendment was all right. Nothing the mat-

ter with it. We couldn't get enough votes, that's all. We'll pass it yet," said Mr. Hornidge.

"Aber, dis vurd 'seereecall.' Dat vas vat killet de beel. Vy deedn't you use de Eenglish schpeech!"

"ABY" AND THE "SENATORIAL PINK."

A SENATOR without a carnation in his buttonhole on "ladies' night" is like a woman without a bonnet on Easter Sunday. The majority of the members now wear pinks every session of the week, until it has become the source of gossip among the young women who love to gaze down on the chamber from the gallery where all the pinks come from.

It is by visiting the cloakroom just before the opening of a session that one may learn the secret. By the mirror, where the members of the upper house catch a last glimpse of themselves, there stands a short colored man, with a tireless smile, who is known by the other employees of the Capitol as "Aby." In the red book the name of "Aby" is Abraham Taylor.

As a Senator enters the locker-room "Aby" greets him with a still more extended smile, takes his coat, brushes it carefully, hangs up the garment in the locker, and then with due formality presents the well-groomed legislator with a red carnation.

"Thank you, Aby."

"You's most welcome, sah!"

The custom of wearing a pink during the session, according to some of the Capitol guides, was instituted by Senator Cornelius R. Parsons, of Rochester, in the session of 1892. According to Tammany traditions, however, Senator Plunkitt is said to be the father of the "Senatorial pink," having taken to wearing a carnation himself, not only on "ladies' night," but also at morning and matinee sessions. Then he saw he was such an object of envy to his fellows that he bought half a dozen each time and gave them away to his Democratic associates. For this reason the rear row of the Senate, where Senator Plunkitt has his seat, came to have the name of "Plunkitt's Garden."

The custom, however, never became a general one until this season, when "Aby" organized the whole Senate as a committee on pinks.

COLONEL DUNN AS UMPIRE.

COLONEL GEORGE W. DUNN, chairman of the Republican State Committee, is a great sufferer from rheumatism. He has had it for a good many years, and when he feels it coming on he has lately been in the habit of going to a certain mineral spring in Michigan.

The virtue of these Michigan waters is such that after a two weeks' treatment some of the "convalescents" engage in different kinds of sport. Those not so far advanced toward their normal elasticity play golf, while those practically cured play baseball.

Shortly after the colonel's arrival, when he still was unable to walk to any extent, there was a baseball game, and because of Colonel Dunn's reputation as a politician he was chosen as umpire. The colonel thought that as umpire he would need only to stand still, so he took the job and the game began. All went well until finally one batsman let out a terrific liner level with the head of the Binghamton politician. The colonel saw the ball coming, and, as he told it afterward, "I forgot all about the rheumatism and jumped fully ten feet."

Perhaps it is on this foundation that a report reached the Capitol lately that the colonel was drifting toward Christian Science.

COOK'S HORSE LIKES BASEBALL.

ELIJAH COOK, who represents the Eighth Assembly district of Erie county, which consists for the most part of rural communities, is a good Methodist and a regular churchgoer. He lives at Hamburg, which is about twelve miles south of Buffalo, and

is accustomed to drive to and from church past many open stretches of land.

On meeting Assemblyman George Ruehl one day, who comes from a German district in Buffalo, and who has introduced a bill permitting the playing of Sunday baseball, Mr. Cook said:

"I'm sorry, George, but I can't vote for your bill."

"I suppose you think it a bad bill," replied Mr. Ruehl. "I suppose you can't see anything good in Sunday baseball."

"No, but I am afraid I will come to like the game if I don't get another horse."

"Another horse!" exclaimed the Buffalo Assemblyman.

"It's this way," said Mr. Cook. "This horse of mine likes baseball, and when I am driving home from church he picks out the best part of the road, where he can watch a baseball game in a nearby lot, and there he will stand until the last inning. I can't budge the beast. Consequently I have to sit back and watch the game, too, and some church members have obtained the false impression that it is I and not the horse that is watching the game."

"I've heard of getting out of a scrape by blaming your wife," answered Mr. Ruehl, "but I never heard before of putting it on to your horse. I'll remember that."

ELLIS AND THE LOBBYIST.

WILLIAM J. ELLIS, the Assemblyman from the Thirty-fourth Assembly district of New York county, is never tired of telling how he and Jacob A. Cantor, president of the borough of Manhattan, used to get mixed up, when the latter was a State Senator. At that time Mr. Ellis was a newspaper correspondent.

Mr. Cantor and Mr. Ellis are near enough alike to be called brothers, if not twins. Each is short, with dark hair, dark eyes, black mustache, full face, and a way of pouting out the mouth before speaking. When both were about the Capitol some years ago newspaper men were constantly congratulating Senator Cantor on his "beats," while lobbyists used to follow Mr. Ellis about, waiting for a chance to "get next."

Thus it was that one evening, after Mr. Ellis had sent off his last dispatch, he entered the Delevan House, to be accosted by a flashily dressed young man, with a large diamond pin in his cravat, who said immediately on shaking hands:

"Have been waiting for you nearly four hours. Can I speak with you now?"

"You can speak any time you want to," said Mr. Ellis, somewhat confused.

"Very well, then. Let us have a little champagne, and then I think you will be ready to hear me."

"Don't you think I can hear without champagne?" remarked Mr. Ellis, as the two men walked down the corridor.

"Oh, yes, yes! Good joke!" was the reply, whereupon the visitor offered Mr. Ellis a cigar wrapped in gilt tinfoil, and said:

"And, now that we are alone, let me say that I have an amendment to that bill, that you would never notice. I understand that you are an honest man, but, Senator, you could"—

"Senator!" shouted Mr. Ellis. "So you have mixed me up with Senator Cantor, have you?"

"What! You not Senator Cantor? What"—exclaimed the diamond wearer, with a frightened look.

"I am simply a newspaper man," was the reply.

"Newspaper! Oh, then it is all out! How much do you want to hush it up?"

"If I hush you up, I will be satisfied," said Mr. Ellis. "You have come to the wrong town, my friend. Albany is too good a place for you. Go back to New York."

And the visitor took the next train bound south.

A HEARING FOR SENATOR BAILEY.

THE occupant of the extreme right seat in the front row of the Senate this year is Senator Edwin Bailey, Jr., of Patchogue, Long Island. Mr. Bailey is a Democrat, and a little hard of hearing, though few of his associates are aware of the fact. Occasionally he will nudge his colleague, Senator Luke A. Keenan, of Long Island City, who sits cheek by jowl to him on his right, to ask about the drift of the debate, and then, rising to his feet, he will throw a few arguments at the Republicans, which show how well Mr. Keenan has answered his inquiry.

A Democrat and a Republican member of the upper house happened to be talking about the way Senator Bailey had tried to kill a bird bill, and finally let it fly away from him, when the Republican said:

"Well, it was a good bill, and we simply passed it. That's all. Bailey put up a good fight, but he was wrong."

"And yet I think that you ought to have given him a hearing on the measure," replied the Democrat.

"We would gladly give Senator Bailey a hearing, if we could," said the Republican with a sad shake of the head.

THE "CIT" AND COUNTRYMAN CONTRASTED.

WAITERS in Keeler's Hotel are still taking about the debate between Assemblymen Charles V. Lynch, an ex-police captain of Buffalo, and Halbert D. Stevens, of Malone, the editor of the *Malone Farmer*. Mr. Stevens introduced in the Assembly this year the Excise Tax bill, which was fathered in the upper house by Senator John Raines. Mr. Stevens, although he says he has never touched a drop of liquor in his life, and does not know the difference between a "kerosene cocktail" and "pousse café," nevertheless has given much of his attention in the Legislature to the subject of excise, and for several sessions introduced a pure beer bill, which gave him the name among certain Tammany lawmakers of "Pure Beer Hal."

Mr. Lynch chanced to meet Mr. Stevens the other evening at the hotel and the two sat down to the table in the dining-room together. Both gave their orders, and then after discussing how high the flood was going to rise in the streets of Albany this year, they drifted by an easy transition to the subject of liquor.

"And how does it come," said Mr. Lynch, as he filled a goblet with an amber-tinted beverage, "that you farmers up State handle these excise bills. That excise

bill of yours, which wholly affects the city, should have been drawn and introduced by a city man."

"I don't know about that," replied the editor of the *Malone Farmer*. "The trouble with you city fellows is you cannot be trusted. You are likely to go astray. It takes the slow-going, cool-headed, conservative up-Statesman to keep you straight." With this Mr. Stevens raised a glass of water and took a deep draught.

"You up-State fellows," retorted the Buffalo Assemblyman, "are like a brake on the wheels of State. Why you don't know what life is. You are 'also rans.' Say, do you want to know the difference in physical makeup between citymen and countrymen?"

"I should like to know very much," answered Mr. Stevens, leaning back in his chair, to make way for the waiter.

"Well, it's just the difference between your order and mine," and the ex-police captain pointed at the thick, juicy tenderloin steak before him, and then at the bowl of mush and milk which was steaming before the Franklin county journalist.

"And there is another difference between the city man and the up-State man," retorted Mr. Stevens, "which is also before us." Here the editor touched the goblet with the Buffalo Assemblyman's amber-colored liquid so that the froth nearly slopped over, and then the glass of water before him. "Here you

can see the difference in their mental makeup. This is why he needs the countryman at times to lead him."

Mr. Stevens did not learn until the next day that the amber-colored beverage was only ginger ale.

"UNCLE TOM A 'HOWLING' SUCCESS."

ALBANY is likely to see a dramatic production at the end of this session, in which politicians will take the parts of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Joseph P. Bourke, the Assemblyman from the Second district, New York, has the play in charge, and believes it will be a "howling success." Mr. Bourke has had some experience in the histrionic line, because of assisting in vaudeville entertainments, given by his leader "Tom" Foley, to the faithful of the Second.

Mr. Bourke has selected his characters with great care. In the revival of a play like Uncle Tom's Cabin, he felt that a proper interpretation of the various parts was of greatest importance. Accordingly, whenever an Assemblyman or Senator makes a speech, Mr. Bourke, besides getting the man's argument and his political views, studies his style of delivery. Often one will hear Mr. Bourke say to himself in a stage whisper:

"There, see him saw the air. Wouldn't he make a Legree for you?"

"Watch that fellow dodge. He's the lawyer Marks for all the world."

"Did you see that upward glance. That will do for little Eva."

Although the majority of the cast seem to feel that they have no talent for the stage, nevertheless, the New York Assemblyman has gone right ahead with his plans. The receipts, it has been agreed, are to go to found a home for "respectable, aged and indigent politicians."

At the present time the *dramatis personæ* of the play is as follows:

Uncle Tom — Senator Thomas C. Whitlock.

Legree — Assemblyman Francis J. Byrne.

Marks, the lawyer — Assemblyman C. F. Bostwick.

Miss Ophelia — Assemblyman C. W. Hinson.

Little Eva — Assemblyman John Hill Morgan.

Topsy — Assemblyman Isidor Cohn.

THE DINNER THAT WAS NOT EATEN.

AT the "House of Commons," where the Republican leaders of the Assembly eat and sleep, map out their battles of debate or twist the fuses of political mine and countermine, they are still telling the story of "The dinner that was not eaten."

It all came about through an invitation which Speaker Nixon received from Washington L. Jacques, of the Murray Hill Hotel, New York, and Frank N. Bain, of the Palatine Hotel, of Newburg, to attend with his fellow "commoners" a dinner at the Hotel Ten Eyck, in Albany. The understanding was that the Assemblymen should be down to the hotel about 7 o'clock, at which time their guest would arrive on a New York Central train.

The fact that two hotel men of such prominence as Messrs. Jacques and Bain were to be the hosts led the legislators to think that the dinner would exceed their fondest expectations, and accordingly they began training for it a day in advance. They curtailed their appetites as best they could, ate pickles instead of sweet stuffs, and drank large quantities of aperient water. Assemblyman Morgan, who had turned over a new leaf this session, with the resolve that he would smile an hour each day, forgot his vow, and all showed the severe discipline of body and mind which they were undergoing.

When the fatal night came it was found that the dinner party had been cut down in numbers for the reason that Assemblymen Morgan and Burnett had to go out to dinner elsewhere because of previous engagements. James G. Graham, the secretary to Governor Odell, had accompanied the chief executive of the

State to Washington, while Assemblyman Dickenson, of Cortland, was compelled to stay at home.

At thirty minutes of the hour of 7 a party of five, consisting of Assemblymen Nixon, Rogers, Bedell, Fowler and Apgar, left the "House of Commons." All were faint from hunger. After waiting about the hotel for nearly twenty minutes one of them made bold to inquire at the desk if either Jacques or Mr. Bain had engaged rooms. Nothing, it was said, had been heard of either one. Another dreary twenty minutes passed and still no Bain or Jacques. Some one telephoned down to the station and found that the train had come in a half hour before, but still no Jacques or Bain. The Speaker by this time complained of a headache caused by lack of nourishment, and Mr. Fowler, whose introduction of a skunk bill this session has won him marked recognition in the Assembly, at last confessed he had pains in the small of his back. After a short parley it was decided to return home, where the would-be diners found Assemblyman Dickenson warming himself before a grate fire with the satisfied smile of having eaten an extensive dinner. The chef scurried about, culled out a few cold victuals and prepared a "picked up" meal, which at last allayed the headache and backache of the Chautauqua county members. Some hours later, when Mr. Bedell was just getting ready for bed, the telephone rang, and this voice sounded over the wire:

"Hello! Here we are, Jacques and Bain. Just got in. Missed train. Too bad, but can't be helped. Come on down."

"Sorry, but we're just going to bed," moaned the Speaker.

Jacques and Bain then ordered eggs and toast and followed the example of the "commoners."

THOSE BOY SENATORS.

SPENCER K. WARNICK, of Amsterdam, N. Y., the Senator from the Twenty-seventh district, with his twenty-eight years, is the youngest member of the upper house. By a complete turn of the wheel of destiny this junior member is the successor of Hobart Krum, who was for many years the dean of the Senate.

In the early weeks of this session Mr. Warnick was constantly mistaken for his secretary. There was even a story going the rounds that a certain Tammany Senator, on seeing him approach, clapped his hands and shouted:

"Here get me Bill No. 103, and be quick about it!"

Mr. Warnick took a long look at his colleague, and then answered:

"Pardon me, but I didn't know I had introduced that bill."

The Tammany man had mistaken the Amsterdam Senator for a page.

Whatever may be the foundation of this story, it is said on high authority that Mr. Warnick was held up by a new doorkeeper one evening, by the warning:

"Only members of the Senate and their families allowed in here."

Mr. Warnick, however, is not the only member of the "new crop," as some of the up-State members delight to call their younger associates. Senators Lefevre, of New Paltz; L'Hommedieu, of Medina, and Keenan, of Long Island City, are all boyish looking new members.

HOW COHN STAYED AWAY FROM THE BALL.

A PRACTICAL poke of such huge proportions was played on Assemblyman Isidor Cohn of the Eighth district, New York, this session, that he has not yet fully grasped all its details. It all came about from Mr. Cohn's ambition to become a philanthropist. On hearing of a dance which was to be given at Cohoes, Mr. Cohn conceived the idea of inviting up twenty-five couples from New York, from the élite society of "De Ate." At the same time he would pay off a few campaign debts and strengthen his fences for re-election.

With such a beneficent purpose Mr. Cohn drew heavily on his savings bank account, bought fifty tickets to the dance, and exhibited them to his fellow Tammany Assemblymen. He then dilated on the beauties of the belles of Cohoes, and went into intricate details in telling of the diamonds, sunbursts, rings, silks and furs which would be worn by the fair twenty-five maidens from "De Ate."

Mr. Cohn has introduced a bill taxing spinsters and bachelors, and has accordingly been regarded by the other unmarried Democrats as having made a treacherous coalition with Governor Odell to assist him in his indirect tax schemes. The opportunity had now come for revenge, and the bachelors, along with a few married men, who wished they were bachelors, quickly framed a plot.

When the day of the dance came the conspiracy was complete. Assemblyman Ellis went to a telephone booth about three hours before the hour for the dance, and rang up Keeler's Annex, where Mr. Cohn has his rooms. The time was indeed ripe. Mr. Cohn was in a bathtub enjoying the filtered water of Albany, raised to a temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit, and reading the last act of "The Merchant of Venice." Assemblyman Bourke, of New York, sat in an adjoining room reading "The Village Blacksmith," when a knock came at the door. As Mr. Bourke was one of the con-

spirators he quickly opened the door and stepped out into the hall.

"Dere's some one as wants to speak with Mr. Issy Cohn," said the bellboy.

"He can't do it," replied Mr. Bourke. "Mr. Cohn is in the bath. Who wants to see him?"

"Some bloke in New York," said the bellboy. "He's on the long distance."

"Well, then," said Mr. Bourke, as he knit the first loop in the skein of the plot, "you tell the clerk to take the message for Mr. Cohn. Hurry, now, before the battery runs down."

Mr. Cohn was just in the midst of a scene when Mr. Bourke knocked on the door of the bathroom.

"Message for you over the long-distance telephone," he said in answer to Mr. Cohn's "Hello!"

Book and bath were at once abandoned, and the Assemblyman from "De Ate" hastily dressed and ran down to the hotel office. There the clerk handed him this laconic message:

"Dear Issy: Am coming to Albany to-night. Want you to meet me at the 7 o'clock train. Important. Want you to fix something big. It will make you a millionaire.

FLORRIE."

"Ach!" exclaimed Mr. Cohn, losing control of himself for the nonce. "From Florrie Sullivan, my boss?"

Something big? I wonder what? And this is the night of the dancing. My people are already on the train!"

The little Assemblyman, still muttering between his teeth, went to his room and told the story to Mr. Bourke and some other conspirators who had come in.

"Don't let it break your heart, Issy," said Mr. Bourke. "Wipe away your tears. I'll take those fifty tickets off your hands for fifty cents on the dollar, so you won't lose much. Then you can see your district leader when he comes, and if you are going to make a million out of this deal what do you care for a little inconvenience."

"But my people," wailed Mr. Cohn. "What will I do by them when they come?"

"Walk 'em up and down the street," suggested Mr. Ellis, who had just entered the room. "Show them Albany after dark. There's lots of ways you can entertain guests in Albany."

Mr. Cohn was at last reconciled and turned the tickets over to Mr. Bourke, who immediately distributed them among his fellow Brutuses. An hour before the ball Assemblymen Bourke, Ellis, Butler, McCormack, Cadin, Grattan, Cook and a dozen or more others boarded a train for Cohoes, while Mr. Cohn wandered about the bleak station waiting for Florence Sullivan, his district leader, and the "something big."

The dance proved to be a gala affair, but the Cohoes belles kept asking after Mr. Cohn with such persistency that it was with the greatest difficulty that the plot was kept a secret. Between the dances Mr. Butler, the Assemblyman from the Ninth district, sang ditties used in the Devery campaign, and told stories about "Big Bill" which charmed the maidens of Cohoes. Mr. Butler is also a master of the Devery method of speaking English, and his singing is regarded by his friends as equal to that of Andrew Mack or Chauncey Olcott.

But the hearts of even the hardest of the conspirators were touched when they returned to Albany to find the little Assemblyman still waiting at the station for his leader. His guests had come and gone. Despite his overcoat, Mr. Cohn was shivering with the cold. It had been planned to reveal the plot and have a huge laugh all around; but no one had the "nerve," as one of them put it, to "break the egg." They finally persuaded him, however, that Mr. Sullivan would never come that late at night, and got him back to his room.

Mr. Cohn's experience, however, may turn out almost as good as the "something big" of the telephone message. His Tammany friends, together with the big Democratic leaders, could not help but be impressed with the devotion of the little legislator to his leader and what he considered his duty. In politics Mr. Cohn has thus shown that he considers pleasure of secondary importance, and such are the kind of men wanted for

promotion from the ranks. As a result a small-sized boom is under way to make Mr. Cohn a Congressman in 1904, and among the most enthusiastic of these boomers are Messrs. Bourke, Ellis and Butler.

HOW WOOD LOST HIS HAT.

SOME of the members of the Assembly the other day thought that a sneak thief had been operating in the Capitol by the actions of Assemblyman Frederick E. Wood, of the Twenty-first district, New York. Mr. Wood was running up and down the aisles of the Assembly chamber, repeating over to himself and to every one whom he met:

"Where's my hat? Have you seen my hat?"

At last the cloakroom attendant answered Mr. Wood's inquiries by saying:

"I think Assemblyman McCarthy has got your hat."

"What! Did you say Eugene J. McCarthy, of New York, or John J. McCarthy, of Troy?" asked Mr. Wood, anxiously.

"Eugene," replied the attendant. "The Tammany member from the Twenty-third district, who saved the life of a companion in the Alps, when the companion was falling over a precipice and" —

But Mr. Wood was off on the chase again. At last he caught sight of Mr. McCarthy and brought him to a standstill by shouting:

"See here, have you been running off with my hat?"

"Didn't know as I was," said the Morningside Heights' Assemblyman, as he held up his head gear. Within the hat was found the name Wood, but it was that of a hatter.

CLARK'S "POOR MAN'S CLUB."

A STORY is told of Assemblyman George B. Clark, of the Twenty-ninth district of New York, which can hardly be used as an argument for the saloon as a poor man's club. Mr. Clark, it appears, came into the possession of several mortgages on saloon property, and at first thought he ought to rent the property to other lines of business. His attention, however, was attracted to the scheme, so much talked about at the present time, of running a saloon along broad humanitarian lines, with a reading and club room attached, a limit placed on the number of drinks, and an entire prohibition of liquor to those who appeared to need no more except for sentimental reasons.

Mr. Clark, therefore, secured the services of a bar-keeper of long Broadway and Fifth avenue experience, installed him in just such a saloon, thinking it would

prove a "poor man's club," but before he was able to watch the experiment he was called out west. What was his consternation, therefore, to receive a telegram, while at Colorado Springs, that the "club" had been raided by Mr. Jerome's detectives, on the charge that the "reading-room" was being run at full blast as a poolroom.

NOBODY WOULD STOP THE SKUNK BILL.

ONE cannot touch on skunks lightly in Chautauqua county. The subject is an exceedingly serious one.

The skunks have even been carried into politics, and have taken the offensive in a bitter factional fight.

The skunks proved themselves such a useful part of the community that the farmers two years ago took steps to cultivate their acquaintance still more intimately. A bill was accordingly passed by the Legislature of 1901 which provided for a close season for skunks the year round in Chautauqua county till 1906, and imposed a penalty on any one who would dare kill a skunk except on his own premises or within the limits of an incorporated village.

In the two years since the bill was passed the skunks of Chautauqua county increased at an astounding rate. Skunks are even said to have come from other States, while several Canadian regiments, according to one

story, tried to ford Niagara in a vain effort to reach the promised land.

The ambition of the polecats at last caused their downfall. A family of them on finding a vacant furnished flathouse in Jamestown were so pleased with its exposed plumbing and glass mirrors, that they decided to occupy it for light housekeeping. They had made themselves entirely at home when the owner of the apartment came in. No words are reported to have been spoken, for actions speak stronger than words oftentimes, and, as a result, not only the original dweller in the flathouse was evicted, but there was a general exodus from the block.

At such times there is always a hero. Thus it was that J. Samuel Fowler, the Assemblyman from the First Assembly district of the county, and a native of Jamestown, saw the opportunity of becoming a knight errant and took advantage of it. As soon as the Legislature opened he introduced a bill permitting the slaughter of skunks in his county except for the months between May 1st and October 31st.

Mr. Fowler was ably supported by Louis McKinstry, of Fredonia, Chautauqua county, the clerk of Speaker Nixon. Mr. McKinstry convinced many Republicans at first averse to the measure that it would benefit the small boys of the county, and thus assure them of a good vote in future years.

The bill was referred to the Committee on Fisheries and Game, and the committee let it out at the first opportunity. As soon as the skunk bill appeared in the Assembly freed from the committee there was a general retreat. Nobody undertook to stop it until it came up finally for a third reading. Then the clerk read, in the monotone which the tired muscles of his throat has perforce made inevitable:

“Introduced by Mr. Fowler: An act to amend the Forest, Fish and Game law, in relation to mink, skunk, muskrat and foxes.”

Assemblyman Burnett was acting Speaker at the time, and he brought down his gavel as if to kill something. The clerk blew his nose as if he felt a draught, while a series of coughs came up from the well of the house. The bill was going through on the run, with no one daring enough to stop it, when, to the consternation of every one else, Assemblyman Sheldon, of Cattaraugus county, shouted:

“I move to strike out.”

All eyes were turned on Assemblyman Fowler. Now, if ever in his life, he had a chance to become eloquent. Much to the disappointment of the Republicans, Mr. Fowler said in a subdued voice:

“I don’t think this bill should be defeated. There is no politics in it. It does not call for an appropriation or an investigating committee. It simply applies to the skunks of Chautauqua county.”

Mr. Sheldon made some comment on the fact that the Democrats hoped to pose as the farmers' friend by befriending the skunks, and that the skunk vote of Chautauqua county might elect a Democratic President in 1904. He found out, however, that he had made a mistake for once by making a strong argument, and, withdrawing his objection, he permitted the bill to pass as quickly as it could and be rushed over to the Senate. The bill also went through the Senate on the run, and escaped from the Executive chamber as rapidly as the legislative rules permitted.

PRIME TELLS OF KILLING BEARS.

THE bears of this State, like the skunks, entered politics this session. While the members from the western counties were solemnly discussing whether or not the Chautauqua county skunk should be regarded as a sacred animal, representatives from the north were engaged in a controversy over protecting the lives of bears.

The skunks have found friends among the Democrats and some independent Republicans, and in much the same way the bears have disrupted party lines. Inasmuch as Albany is within easy reach of the Adirondacks, the more fearful believe furthermore that the bears may

eventually, with the help of the Democrats, make a raid on the State treasury.

The man who is responsible for such a widespread controversy is Senator William Townsend, of Utica, the only Democrat elected to the upper house outside of New York city and Buffalo.

The bill which Senator Townsend introduced simply provides that no bears shall be killed between June 1st and September 30th, that at no time should these animals be caught in traps, and that one person shall not shoot more than one bear in a year. As it is almost impossible, according to old hunters, to shoot a black bear, except with a Gatling gun or a field-piece, the foes of the bill said the bear would increase so rapidly as to make even traveling by train a risky thing in the northern part of the State.

The spokesman of the anti-bear contingent was Senator Spencer G. Prime, of Upper Jay. Senator Prime has sometimes been twitted because of living in a "jay town," but never twice by the same man. The Senator is the champion bear killer in the Senate. Bears are still limping over the dreary wastes of the Adirondacks with internal organs loaded full of lead from the Senator's rifle.

"Have you ever actually killed a bear?" asked Senator George R. Malby, of Ogdensburg, who sits beside the Senator from Upper Jay, as the two were talking one day.

"Killed one, yes," was the prompt answer. "Why, for example, I was out bear hunting one time with a guide, and at last we ran across a bear which immediately dodged out of sight into a deep pit. We came up, and on looking into the mouth of the cave I saw two balls of fire. They were the eyes of the bear, and so, taking sure aim, I let Bruin have a bullet right between his lanterns. There was a snarl inside, and then after a while I saw those balls of fire again. Again I fired between the eyes of the beast, only to hear another snarl and to see again those eyes loom up at me. I don't know how many hundred times I kept pounding lead into the poor beast, but at last the snarls subsided and I told the guide to go in and pull out the carcass.

"The guide went down into the pit, but no sooner had he drawn in his feet behind him then he shot out again like a ball out of a cannon.

" 'There's another bear in there,' he yelled, 'and he came blame near chewing me up.'

" 'Never mind that,' said I, and then both of us fired several hundred more rounds of ammunition into the second bear. Finally, we thought both of them were dead, and started to pull them out. We made a mistake. They were as lively as ever, although they must have been twice their normal weight for the lead in them. After several hours of waiting, we at last saw them drop from sheer exhaustion of holding up so much metal."

The fight between the bear and the anti-bear contingents became so spirited at last that the supporters of the bill sought the influence of President Roosevelt.

"Why, yes," said Senator Townsend one day, "I am sure we have won the support of the President. Although the bill came to me originally from the Fulton Chain Guides' Association, nevertheless, its real purpose is to bring President Roosevelt back to his native State, so that he will not have to go hunting in Democratic territory."

ROGERS CAN QUOTE THE BIBLE.

IN these days, when there is so much talk about secularism and the transition of the use of the Bible from the "sword of the spirit" to a book of reference, James T. Rogers, the new leader of the New York State Assembly, is a striking contradiction of that tendency. The visitor to the State Capitol, who takes his seat in the gallery to hear a debate, will find the big man who heads the Republican contingent quoting, every now and then, from the Bible a sentence or a verse with excellent effect.

In his second year at Albany, as chairman of the Committee on Gas and Electricity and Water Supply, Mr. Rogers became a target for certain Tammany

members, who were accustomed to introduce year after year bills for cheap gas, municipal gas, or even free gas, and when the committee took no action they would "get a rise out of Big Jim," as one of them used to say, by moving to discharge his committee from consideration of the subject. His chief antagonist on these occasions was Julius Harburger, of the Tenth district, New York, who introduced so many gas bills one week that some member jocosely suggested that smoking be prohibited in the Capitol.

One morning the Tammany Assemblyman rose to discharge one of his gas bills. After charging the Republican party with being dictatorial and high-handed, he said:

"I suppose the big chairman from Binghamton thinks that my crying out against such political methods will amount to nothing because I am a Democrat. No, sir; I shall continue to cry out, and my cry will be vindicated by the vote of the people."

The member from Broome county arose and said:

"Mr. Harburger is like a son to me. Therefore I am only obeying the 19th chapter of Proverbs, the 18th verse, which reads:

"'Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying.'"

The State Lunacy bill of last year, which was not passed without many protests, was introduced in the

Assembly by Mr. Rogers. When the bill came up for the last reading, and the opponents of the measure had spoken long and loud in their attack on it, Mr. Rogers replied in a speech to show that the measure would prove economical to the State as well as beneficial to the inmates of the State hospitals for insane.

After he had finished a Tammany member got the floor and shouted:

"Mr. Rogers knows that he is only advocating this bill because it is the Governor's bill. Mr. Rogers is only a servant obeying orders. That's all." To this Mr. Rogers replied quietly:

"A wise servant shall have rule over a son that causeth shame." Then, with a wink to two or three Republican bolters, he added: "And shall have part of the inheritance among the brethren."

SILK HATS BLOCK BILLS.

SENATOR HENRY MARSHALL, of the Eighth district, and the only Republican member from the borough of Brooklyn, was upbraided once for wearing a slouch hat. It was pointed out that a soft felt hat was unbecoming the dignity of a Senator, and that the tall silk cylinder, which the Lieutenant-Governor always wears, reflected not only the lights and

shadows through which it passed, but also the rounded, polished and spotless character of the ideal legislator.

Senator Raines, it was explained, might wear a soft hat, out of memory to himself, who was a soldier in the Civil War, and who, furthermore, wanted to show that there was some soft spot in his make-up. Senator Lewis, of Rochester, it was pointed out, wore a slouch hat because he had grown accustomed to wearing them in fighting the prizefighters and legislating the professional boxers out of the State.

Senator Ambler, it was furthermore explained, might wear a wide-brimmed hat because he introduced the bills of the agricultural department; but for a Senator from the city of New York, even though he came from Brooklyn, the act of wearing a slouch hat was denounced as highly improper.

At this mental chastisement Senator Marshall swallowed the lumps that were rising in his throat and managed finally to say:

"My good fellow, if I wore a silk hat I would never be able to pass my bills."

THE "CŒUR DE LION" OF THE SENATE.

JOHN RAINES, who is chief of the Republican forces on the floor of the New York State Senate this session, might have been called Cœur de Lion had he lived in the times of the Crusaders. In his walk, his facial appearance, his manner of speech and his political methods John Raines, of Canandaigua, typifies the lion.

When he rises in his seat in the rear row of the Senate chamber, the member from the Forty-second district shows that he possesses a powerful, tall body, which, while he is talking, restlessly sways to and fro. His arm is long and sinewy, and, when it is not extended toward the head of the presiding officer, it shakes in ferocious gestures at his opponent in debate. The eyes are a cold blue, deep set, keen, with a fierceness which many a new member does not dare face, and for the most of the time are fixed steadfastly on the man with the gavel. His hair is long, and at the beginning of a session is brushed up in a wave over his left eye. In the middle of a speech, however, the gray locks shake like a mane. His mustache is long and tawny and still further heightens the feline type of features. When thoroughly aroused the voice of John Raines deepens into a roar.

As the lion likes oftentimes to play with its victim before devouring it, so the Canandaigua politician loves

at times to use his paws without showing his claws. But Senator Grady, leader of the Tammany contingent in the Senate, continually grapples with Senator Raines, and sometimes succeeds in throwing him in repartee. Other times his triumph is short-lived.

For example, the two Senators got mixed up one session on the subject of trusts. Senator Grady had worked himself into a fine frenzy over the theme, had told of the horrors resulting from the combinations of capital, had made "Barney" Martin, his fellow associate and bosom friend, blink repeatedly, with gestures within a few inches of his head, and then, turning on Senator Raines, he shouted:

"And the Republican party, too. That is a trust, and the gentleman of Canandaigua will not dare deny it."

Senator Raines rose at the end of Senator Grady's declaration of war, and, after biting at a few stray hairs of his mustache a minute, he said:

"Senator Grady was right for the first time in his life." Then, looking at the little band of the minority, he lifted up his fist and exclaimed:

"The Senator from the Fifteenth was referring to the last election when he said the Republican party was a trust. At that time the Republican party wiped out competition."

When this story was retold some days ago, however, Senator Grady is quoted as saying:

"Raines said the Republican party wiped out all competition. I wonder what he thinks of Elsberg, Brown, and Brackett?"

WHERE M'MANUS GOT HIS WATCH-CHAIN.

THOMAS J. M'MANUS, of the Fifteenth Assembly district, New York, was stroking his beard one afternoon, trying to think of the last provision of his patent-medicine bill and wondering whether he ought to dilute or distill it into a stronger essence by an amendment, when Anderson Lawrence, "the King of the Pages," pushed into his hands a square box. The "King" had carried the parcel up the main aisle, and the large Tiffany label which was printed on the wrapping paper attracted the attention of a score or more members.

As the member from the Fifteenth district began to open the package, the more curious of his associates crowded around, and one of them said:

"Say, Mac, there's nothing like doing a favor for one of your New York friends, is there?"

"I don't know what friend owes me anything," replied the Tammany legislator. "Everybody knows that I am doing my duty here. As to presents, I don't know who need give me any."

Here Mr. McManus pulled off the cover of the box and took out a massive chain.

"They've delivered the goods, all right," remarked an Adirondack member, who chanced to go by as the Tammany representative hooked the chain to his watch. There was no means of identifying the sender, and Mr. McManus only looked up and laughed.

A half hour later Mr. McManus received a telegram from No. 452 West Forty-ninth street, New York. It was from his wife, and wished him many happy returns for the day. Then the Assemblyman remembered, and sending out for a box of cigars, he said to the up-State member:

"Just happened to think. It's my birthday. Fill your pockets."

THE ASSEMBLY DROMIOS.

THE Assembly is never without its dromios. For two sessions it had John A. Weekes, of the Twenty-fifth district, and Julius H. Seymour, of the Nineteenth district, New York, whose faces and figures were such counterparts that the two men were constantly paying each other's debts and entertaining each other's friends. Mr. Weekes and Mr. Seymour did not return to the Assembly this year, and the distinction of being the "Assembly Dromios" has been settled upon

Gotthardt A. Litthauer, of the Thirtieth district, New York, and Gustavus C. Weber, of the Sixteenth district, Brooklyn. Mr. Litthauer was a member of the lower house for the first time last year, and Mr. Weber is now serving his third year; but it was not until this session that they have been badly mixed up.

Both Assemblymen Weber and Litthauer have black hair, which is parted low down over the left ear, and brushed squarely over the head without crimp or flourish. Mr. Litthauer sometimes patronizes a Lexington avenue barber, however, who combs up a fluff over his left eye, and it is said that only at these times can he be distinguished from his double. Mr. Litthauer and Mr. Weber also have black moustaches, of fairly luxuriant growth, but pruned up to a level with their lower lip. Both have black eyes and black eyebrows.

Many are the stories told of how the Assembly Dromios are constantly being mistaken for each other. Indeed, it is said that one Monday evening, Mr. Litthauer stepped out of the Assembly Chamber to smoke a cigar, when, on turning a corner of a retiring room, he was confronted by his own image. Mr. Litthauer took a look at himself, as he thought and said:

“Well, I thought I had washed my face, I —”

But the soliloquy of the member from the Thirtieth district was suddenly cut short by an exclamation from what he had taken to be a mirror:

"Hello, Gotthardt, where did you come from?" and Mr. Weber stepped forward and began shaking his hand.

A few days later Mr. Litthauer was preparing his speech against the Excise bill, while sitting at his desk in the Assembly Chamber, when Assemblyman John McKeown came to him and said:

"Sorry, but I didn't have it until to-night." So saying, the leader of the Brooklyn Democrats handed the astonished member from the Thirtieth district a handful of bills.

"You don't owe me anything," at last replied Mr. Litthauer when he had recovered his breath. "You don't owe me anything."

"Of course I do. I always pay such a debt. Here, take it."

At this point the Brooklynite happened to notice the Lexington avenue curl of his fellow Assemblyman, and slowly put the money back in his pocket.

THE DOOLINGS AND THE DOWLINGS.

THERE has been considerable confusion in both houses of the Legislature this year over the Doolings and the Dowlings. There are two Doolings and two Dowlings. One Dooling and one Dowling are in the Senate, and one Dowling and one

Dooling in the Assembly. The Dooling in the Senate thus is continually opening the mail which ought to go to Assemblyman Dooling, and finding his own letters as often marked "Opened by mistake, Dooling." The two Dowlings, in the same way, are frequently trespassing on each other's correspondence and in other ways treading on each other's toes. Furthermore, Senators Dooling and Dowling are often confused by constituents who are not careful about "spelling out the name," and their namesakes in the lower house likewise get to wondering whether they are Doolings or Dowlings.

For the purpose of untangling the riddle, there have been various schemes proposed. One is that Assemblymen Dowling and Dooling retire from legislative life and thus leave only Senators Dooling and Dowling at the Capitol. This is hardly practical, let alone the self-sacrifice involved, because there would be no guarantee against still other Doolings and Dowlings being elected to the Legislature next year. Many other propositions have also been made, but have served only to add to the confusion.

It is for this reason, that the suggestion of Anderson Lawrence, the chief messenger of the Assembly, better known as the "King of the Pages," that the four men be called by their first names has come like a refreshing rain after a hot summer's afternoon. According to this scheme, Senator Victor J. Dowling, of the Eigh-

teenth district, would be called Senator Victor. Senator Peter J. Dooling, who represents the Sixteenth district, would take the name of Senator Peter. In the lower house, by the same rule, Assemblyman John T. Dooling, of the Twenty-eighth district, New York, would be Assemblyman John, while his associate, Edward C. Dowling, of the Seventeenth district of Brooklyn, would be called Assemblyman Edward.

"Yes," said Mr. Lawrence, "I think this plan would solve this Dooling-Dowling-Dowling-Dooling problem."

BURNETT'S WORKING CLOTHES.

J EAN L. BURNETT, the Assemblyman from Ontario county, who lives at Canandaigua, who regards his fellow townsman, Senator Raines, as the paragon of politicians, and who is the chairman of the Committee on Cities this session, has recently discovered that his first name has been twisted into his surname. Mr. Burnett, in former sessions, has introduced a great many rural bills, together with a few affecting railroads and corporations, and it caused some surmise this year when he fathered several measures in the interests of labor.

Thus, one Monday night session, an up-State associate, on seeing the Ontario member dressed in a Prince

Albert coat, with white stock, trousers creased on a razor edge, and patent leather shoes, said:

"John, you don't look like a labor legislator. I hear now as you are putting in bills for the laboring man; but you don't look like a walkin' delegit."

"Never mind his clothes," said James T. Rogers, the Republican leader, as he arrested an expansive smile. "Since he introduced those labor bills we call him 'Blue Jeans,' just the same."

HORSE RACING IN THE ASSEMBLY.

THE members of the Assembly who like horse racing have long been trying to get up a "tiff" between Howard Conkling, the member from the Twenty-fifth district, New York, and James M. Graeff, the representative of Essex county. The up-State Assemblyman has a number of horses at his home at Westport in which he takes great pride, and there is one team in particular on which he is said to be willing to wager his whole salary as an Assemblyman against any other team in the lower house.

Mr. Conkling, on the other hand, has a pair of mud horses which, Assemblyman Clark says, are record breakers in sloppy weather. These horses toe in, and by this means seem to pick their way through the mud

with great delicacy and speed. What has particularly convinced Mr. Conkling that they are mud horses is the drive he made to Altamont. The horses made the distance on a slow walk in two days. One of these horses is said to have never seen a trolley car till it was hitched up in Albany. The Graeff pair, although not holding any record as "mud swashers," are regarded as having equal chances with the Conkling team ever since Mr. Graeff framed his Ship Canal bill.



Conkling
H.M.

